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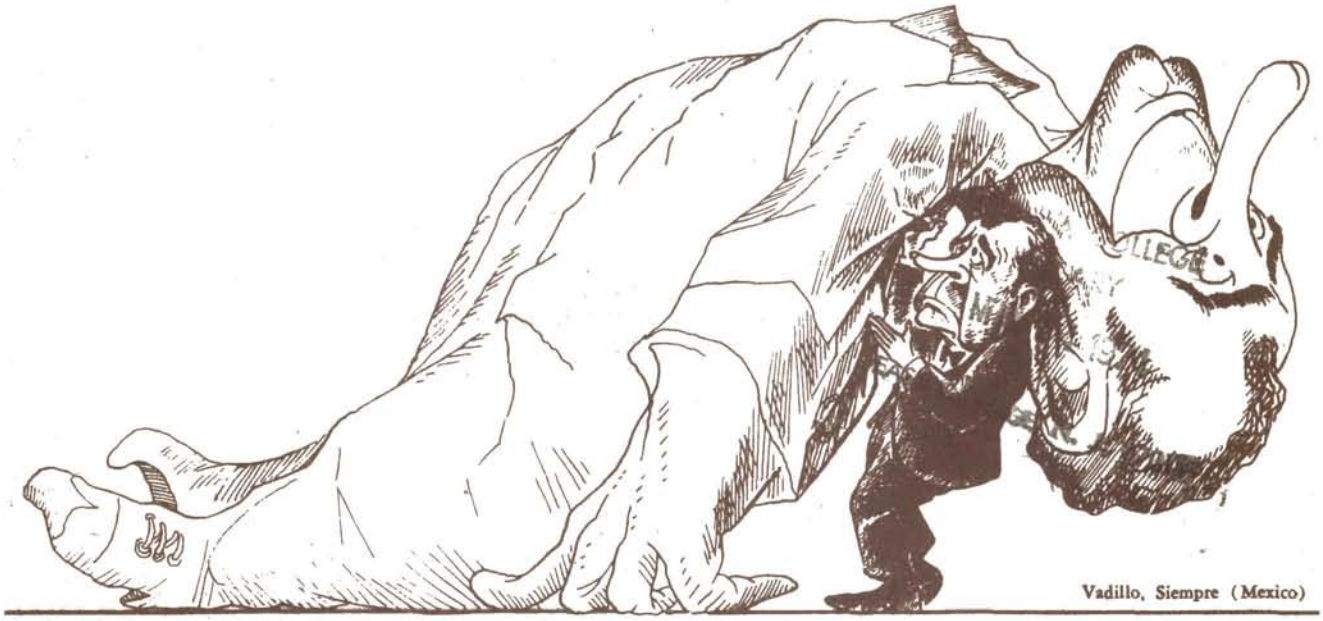

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

THE REAL RICHARD: ***EDITORIAL*** **Carey McWilliams**

'Options & Scenarios'

THE (EXPLETIVE OMITTED) COVER-UP

JOHN LINDSAY

Portugal: A Country for Historians

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LETTERS

Nixon and Hiss

Centerville, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Ordinarily, the rigid rhetoric that rises from the swamps of the John Birch Society can be dismissed as harmless. It dies quickly in the sunlight and vaporizes on contact with thought.

But because of the total and permanent disgrace of people like Spiro Agnew and Richard Nixon, who exalted this sort of rhetoric to popularity in American life, it is necessary to cite a falsehood that was one of many in something called "Americanist Viewpoint," published in *The Record-Observer* (Centreville, Md.) on May 1.

In that article, Alger Hiss was designated as "proven to be a Soviet spy." The only proven spy in that case was Whittaker Chambers, who confessed to an extensive background of espionage and criminal conduct in the service of communism. Mr. Hiss, after a mistrial and a hung jury, was convicted of perjury and went to prison. Richard Nixon launched his political career, such as it was, by imputing to Hiss an association with the Communists that Nixon himself ultimately embraced. . . .

Alger Hiss was the victim of a political trial at a time of fear and hysteria. He was not a spy. As an architect of the United Nations, he was and remains a mild-mannered, brilliant humanist, a man now nearing 70, who was years ahead of his time in recognizing the need for a world community among nations. . . . It is quite possible that Nixon's removal from office will see the Hiss case reopened and a historic injustice undone by a nation bent, at last, on redeeming itself for this political crime. . . .

William Rodgers

battle of Olympic

Durham, N.H.

DEAR SIRS: New Hampshire legislator Chris Spirou deserves much of the credit for keeping the Olympic Refineries out of Durham. In my "Onassis vs. The Yankees: The Refinery that Ran Aground" [*The Nation*, May 4], a typesetting error gives a different impression, and I would like to put the matter straight. Representative Spirou not only refused to become Olympic's paid lobbyist—he then donated his considerable talent to the "home rule" forces. *Daniel Ford*

coming out even

Middletown, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: Public pensions should be the same for all—as they were at first (New Zealand, 1898) because (*1*) simple bookkeeping; (*2*) the poor have worked at the difficult, dirty, dangerous and boring jobs, and so deserve at least an equal break; (*3*)the high-paid can save for the future; (*4*) the retired as nonproducers are all equal (my 0 = your 0); (*5*) human beings have basically equal needs.

Tertius Chandler

rough talk

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Shame on you for that *inferior* review of Justin Kaplan's *Lincoln Steffens* [*The Nation*, April 20]. Your readers deserve better than Studs Terkel riding his hobby horses and ignoring the book. He should stick to his tape recorder and you should use reviewers with brains and some sense of responsibility and objectivity.

William Elickman, History Department
Sullivan High School

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

The Real Richard

The transcripts released by the President make an airtight case for impeachment. True, they are not responsive to the demands of the House Judiciary Committee nor will they satisfy Jaworski who must have tapes, not transcripts, for the upcoming trials. Eleven tapes are reported missing and the transcripts submitted are full of deletions and have been carefully edited. Even so, they constitute a damning indictment of the President; he could be impeached on the basis of his own statements and admissions as disclosed by the transcripts.

High points in the key transcripts confirm, and spell out the details of, the cover-up conspiracy. The suggestion that the President should let it all "hang out" was curtly dismissed at the outset; it was (March 13, 1973) much too late for that. Colson had shot down the quaint notion that the major conspirators should be told to testify before the grand jury without pleading executive privilege: "He says you're nuts," Haldeman reported to the President (March 27, 1973). Haldeman had a silly notion that a "super panel" might be set up to conduct secret trials in the manner of the Star Chamber model; even without prompting, the President didn't think *that* could be done. The suggestion that the culprits might "hang out" their stories before the Ervin committee was quickly dismissed as "an added trap" (Dean) and by the President as "the worst thing." Then it was thought that if a "big fish"—Mitchell—could be induced to take the rap, it might quiet the demand for full disclosure. The President couldn't bring himself to deliver the bad news to Mitchell. William Rogers was suggested as a proxy, but the President then explained that Mitchell despised Rogers. Finally Ehrlichman took the assignment and reported back that Mitchell declined the "fall-guy" role while expressing appreciation for the tender personal sentiments which the President had asked Ehrlichman to convey. The foxy Haldeman-Ehrlichman pair then had another of their bright ideas: John Dean should be ordered to prepare a general—a very general—report which would nevertheless "categorically" state that no one at the White House was involved. This, it was thought, would place the President "above" the scandal. He could refer to it when questioned and say that he had relied on Dean's investigation. The President liked the idea; he urged Dean to make the report "very incomplete," and Haldeman agreed that it should be "a limited hang out." But Dean, after thinking it over at Camp David, decided that he was being set up as a patsy and warily side-stepped the trap. To the extent that a strategy was ever adopted, it was to "stonewall" as much as possible while appearing to cooperate with the investigations. "Lots of noise" would be made about the willingness of the White House to cooperate but only minimum cooperation would be offered. In opting for "the hang-out road," the President made it perfectly clear that he did not mean that everyone should "go up and testify"; "Oh, no, no, no!" he said. All he had in mind was putting out a story to the PR people and saying to them, "Here is the story, the true story of Watergate." No doubt the tapes of these conversations would be more damning than the

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laundered transcripts, but the transcripts are damning enough. They prove the existence of a conspiracy to cover up.

The President fancies himself quite a lawyer, but he had to be reminded that witnesses cannot take lawyers into grand jury rooms. Also he had to confess to Haldeman that he did not know too much about obstruction of justice. Ehrlichman enlightened him: "Once you are possessed of a reasonable body of knowledge, you have an obligation to do something." That he had ample knowledge is clear: according to Ehrlichman eight or ten people around the White House knew what was going on. The President: "I must say though, I didn't know it but *I must have assumed it though.* But you know, fortunately, —I thank you both [Haldeman and Ehrlichman] for arranging it that way and it does show the isolation of the President." (Emphasis added.) What it shows is guilty knowledge. And of course nothing was done to assist the Department of Justice or the Ervin committee to uncover the facts; quite the contrary. So in the end we have this sad exchange: *Ehrlichman*: "But what's been bothering me is—" *President*: "That with knowledge, we're still not doing anything." This conversation was recorded April 14, 1973, more than three weeks after the President first learned, according to his own account, of the Watergate cover-up.

While confessing that he did not know at the outset too much about obstruction of justice—apparently he had not read Section 1510 of the United States Code—the President was full of legal guile on the subject of perjury. "You can say: 'I don't remember.' You can say: 'I can't recall.'" And he remarked at one point: "Perjury is an awful hard rap to prove." There was also quite a lot of talk about which aides could and could not be expected to lie with a straight face. Hugh Sloan, it was agreed, would not make it as a perjurer; he was too soft, too moral. Strachan, on the other hand, was "as tough as nails. He can go in and stonewall," or so Dean thought. Magruder was clever but might collapse under pressure. The conspirators discussed who had enough "stroke" to keep him in line. Ehrlichman wanted Haldeman to seek him out and say, in effect, if you involve me I will deny your testimony. Haldeman should say: "Jeb, you know that just plain isn't so," and then "just stare him down." The President chipped in with a suggestion: "Say that he is trying to lie to save his own skin." Ehrlichman liked that; "it'll bend him." But Haldeman, full of the milk of J. Walter Thompson kindness, thought it would be better to say: "Jeb, for God's sake don't get yourself screwed up by—solving one lie with a second. You've got a problem. You ain't going to make it better by making it worse." In these and other curious ways did the President and his aides seek to contain and negate the full truth about Watergate.

Not once in these dialogues did Dean, Ehrlichman, Haldeman or Nixon voice any concern about legal, constitutional, ethical, or moral responsibilities. Throughout, the emphasis was on covering up the facts, stalling for time, keeping "up front" in the headlines, "stonewalling," pretending to let it all "hang out," offering the appearance but never the substance of cooperation. These men knew

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Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 218
No. 20

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that laws had been violated, that perjury had been committed, and yet here they were, the President, his counsel and his two top aides, plotting to "keep the top on the bottle" and how best to protect the President by protecting themselves. As the President said to Henry Petersen, Assistant Attorney General, in a curiously awkward phrase: "If there is one thing you have got to do, you have got to maintain the Presidency out of this"—which in context could only mean: "You have got to keep me out of this." In sessions on April 27 he ordered Petersen to do just that and Petersen obligingly agreed, although he was having quite a fight with his staff on this very issue at the time. The President later boasted to his cronies: "I've got Petersen on a short leash." As the nation's chief law-enforcement official, the President asked Petersen to report on secret grand jury testimony and promised him it would not be "passed on . . . I know the rules of the grand jury." And then of course the information was promptly passed on to prospective witnesses. In much the same way, Petersen kept John Dean briefed for a time as to what was going on in Justice and the U.S. Attorney's office. On the so-called "national security" issue, the President gave Petersen direct orders to lay off. In brief, these transcripts make out a strong case that the President and his aides conspired to obstruct justice and suborn perjury.

More damning, in a way, are passages in which the President clearly approved payment of hush money to Howard Hunt, discussed prospects for raising a $1 million fund, and went into some detail about how the money might be handled, including the use of a Cuban committee for "cover." Yet at a later date he assured the public that he had understood funds were paid out only for legal fees and family support. The transcripts also show that he misled Petersen about the hush money by implying that payments had been stopped when in fact they had not. It is also clear that the talk about "national security" as a cover story for the break-in at Dr. Fielding's office was a hasty improvisation based on an offhand suggestion made by John Dean. "National security" was not involved; the break-in was made to obtain, if possible, material that might be used to discredit Ellsberg. What the transcripts disclose is that the President authorized—indeed ordered—the immediate payment of hush money to Hunt in response to a threat which had been labeled "blackmail," tried to put a "national security" cover on what had been done, and then misled the Department of Justice about the real purpose of the break-in.

By releasing the transcripts the President has shown that he is eminently impeachable; he has condemned himself. But he has done more: he has revealed the quintessential Nixon, or what some commentators, including a few former admirers, now refer to as his "dark side." The Nixon of the transcripts is mean, vindictive, morally a coward, vulgar, conniving, petty, at times surprisingly weak and indecisive despite his self-advertised *machismo*, and devoid of sustaining values of any kind, political, ethical or moral. But this much can be said: the Nixon of the transcripts is an authentic person. It is refreshing to listen to the real private voice after years of exposure to the public or television voice and manner. The transcripts contain *his* words and phrases. This *is* the way he thinks. No PR fakery, no television smirking, no smug self-righteous rhetoric, no moralizing. He curses a great deal—"that's for sure"—but we don't know how eloquently, which is a pity. This is not any kind of Quaker, this is a hard-bitten operator, a political huckster, a man on the make and obsessed with making it. Years ago some of us thought we had taken the measure of the man when we watched him campaign against Jerry Voorhees, connive at the frame-up of Alger Hiss, and later smear Helen Gahagan Douglas and double-cross Earl Warren, but we were accused of being blind and biased. Now, years later, listen to William Randolph Hearst, Jr., a long-time partisan. The edited transcripts add up, he writes, "to as damning a document as it is possible to imagine short of an actual indictment. [They] . . . reveal a man totally absorbed in the cheapest and sleaziest kind of conniving to preserve appearance and almost totally unconcerned with ethics." The man, he concludes, seems to have "a moral blind spot."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Remembering Henrique Galvao

The world press has been intrigued by the circumstance that publication of a book—*Portugal and the Future* by General António de Spínola—should have set in motion the sequence of events that culminated in the ouster of the Caetano regime. For one thing, de Spínola is, as *Time* put it, "the unlikeliest liberal." A volunteer on Franco's side in the Spanish Civil War, he received part of his training with the Wehrmacht and watched the siege of Leningrad from the German side. His book, an instant best-seller in Lisbon, draws heavily on his experiences in the Portuguese colonies. What has been overlooked or forgotten is the earlier experiences of another Portuguese officer and former colonial administrator who also wrote a book about the colonies: Capt. Henrique Galvao.

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Galvao, in fact, was the author of several books about Africa. He served as High Inspector of Colonial Administration and as deputy for Angola in the National Assembly. The sad state of the colonies was the subject of his report: *For Angola: Four Years of Parliamentary Activity, 1946-1949,* which the Assembly would consent to discuss only in clandestine session. Later, Galvao did manage to get it published and, like de Spínola's volume, it created a major sensation; it also resulted in his retirement as High Inspector. At "that point in time," the regime might have initiated reforms in the colonies which would have spared Portugal the cost and agony of a long war, but Galvao's recommendations were ignored. In 1951, Galvao was arrested by PIDE, the secret political police, for his agitation against contract-labor in the colonies. Tried in 1958, he was sentenced to sixteen years in jail, but managed to escape to the Argentine Embassy in London and was later given asylum in Argentina.

Galvao was living in Venezuela at the time he carried out Operation Dulcinea, i.e., the seizure of the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* on the high seas. Because he had previously written an article for *The Nation* ("Salazar: Man and Mask," January 9, 1960) we were able to induce him to send us "Revolution at Sea: How I Seized the Santa Maria," which appeared in *The Nation* for April 15, 1961 and was later published as a book (*Santa Maria: My Crusade for Portugal,* World Publishing Co.). The seizure of the *Santa Maria* was an extraordinarily daring operation, carried out with high courage and remarkable skill. It was also one of the first major "media coups" of its kind, certainly one of the most successful. For a week or more Galvao and crew held worldwide media attention. Once the anti-Salazar message had received saturation coverage and the Salazar regime had been thoroughly humiliated, the ship was surrendered and the crew members walked ashore with their heads high.

Later, Galvao carried out still another daring operation. With a group of six, including a woman, he took over a four-engine plane of the Portuguese Air Transport while it was en route from Casablanca to Lisbon. Flying at an altitude of 300 feet, the plane circled Lisbon as thousands of anti-Salazar pamphlets came floating down. To this adventure Galvao gave the code name Operation Vagô; it too was carried out with style and skill. And again he gave *Nation* readers a first-hand report: "Sky Pirates Over Lisbon" (February 3, 1962). Later the Fourth (Trusteeship) Council of the U.N. extended Galvao an invitation to address that body on the subject of the Portuguese colonies. At the risk of being arrested on warrant of extradition, he came to New York, addressed the U.N. body, and departed after a thirty-six-hour visit, during which he managed to find time to visit with the editor and publisher of *The Nation.* In essence, what he told the U.N. Council was that, not being free itself, Portugal could not confer freedom on the colonies; the first step would have to be freedom for the Portuguese people.

A gallant man, Galvao could not be intimidated. There was more than a bit of the 19th-century romantic in his make-up; he went about his remarkable political adventures in high spirits, with a mischievous twinkle and a merry smile. He liked to quote Disraeli: "Life is too short to be mean." Of the seizure of the *Santa Maria* he said: "We are pirates who are attempting to recover from other pirates the liberty and dignity which they have stolen from an entire people." Galvao died several years ago. It is sad, very sad, that he could not have been welcomed in Lisbon, along with the other returning exiles. In the archives of this magazine he occupies a unique place: he was the first and only pirate *The Nation* has ever published.

Morse for the Country

The only bright news in an otherwise dismal Oregon primary is the challenge of former Sen. Wayne Morse for the seat he lost by the slimmest of margins to Robert Packwood in 1966. Morse's only rival of any stature on the Democratic ticket is Jason Boe, from the small coastal town of Reedsport. Boe is also president of the state Senate but since few Oregonians outside his district know him, Morse has a head start of tremendous name value. Furthermore, Boe has the wrong qualities in a state known for its crusty, off-beat, individualistic and often flamboyant officials. His speeches are about as exciting as a high school valedictory.

Because he is considered a shoo-in, Morse has not even opened a campaign headquarters and is operating low key, preferring to reach the people, make friends, mend fences and prove that at 73 he is still the sprightly tiger. Boe, short of money, isn't doing much more. His chief weapon against Morse is his relative youth although, unlike Morse, he did not provide his age in the Voter's Guide issued by the League of Women Voters. What Boe is saying is that Morse is too old; Morse replies that "People tell me they have a lot invested in my experience."

The big race will be in November, when Morse and Packwood collide again. Thus far, straw votes show Morse far ahead, with many persons who had voted for Packwood in 1968 now declaring their preference for Morse. But Packwood, an adept broken field runner who dodges every tie-up to Nixon, is as wily as he is superficial and cautious. The primary campaign will take place May 28, but friends of Wayne Morse—one of the two courageous Senators (the other being Ernest Gruening) who voted against the infamous Gulf of Tonkin resolution—ought to start considering now what help they can give him. For sixty days Morse, pressured by thousands of persons to run again, pondered whether he would have adequate financial support. At the last minute he filed, certain of enough money to pull him through the primary. But the November election will be at least a hundred times more demanding, and Morse needs to establish a November campaign fund now. Packwood is assured of support from various fat cats, with sums the working people of Oregon cannot match. Morse belongs to the nation, and some help from the nation would not be out of order. It is the last chance to return to Washington one of the best and most principled Senators this country has ever known.

RALPH FRIEDMAN

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AFTER TWENTY YEARS

BROWN: 'THE NOBLEST DECISION'

JOHN CAUGHEY

Los Angeles

Twenty years ago this 17th of May the Supreme Court delivered what history may well record as the noblest and most influential judicial decision of the century. In *Brown* v. *Board of Education* the Court rejected the false doctrine of "separate but equal" and held the segregated school in violation of the equal protection clause of the Constitution.

With this action Earl Warren qualified as a jurist. He had come to the Court with a record as a hard-handed prosecutor and a remarkably popular governor, but the considerations that led to his appointment had been clearly political. For the decision in *Brown* he had achieved unanimity, no mean feat. With hindsight, we also can see that this decision forecast the style of the Warren Court—a departure from the excessive judicial restraint that had been the pattern and a willingness to deal boldly with the most troublesome problems, as had John Marshall in his time.

Before 1954 some progress had been made in breaking down racial discrimination. In 1947 Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson opened up major league baseball. In 1948 the Supreme Court turned thumbs down on the restrictive covenants, long used to keep minorities out of white neighborhoods. In the early 1950s the Court held against the exclusion of Negroes from state-supported law schools. In the Korean War, on the purely practical ground that it was more efficient, the Army abandoned its practice of segregated fighting units.

Dealing with an abuse of long standing that was causing great social unrest, *Brown* revitalized the Fourteenth Amendment and returned it to its original function as protector of the civil rights of an endangered minority. The decision articulated the fundamental principle that inspired Martin Luther King and which he supported with the tactic of nonviolence. It sparked the Negro revolution and led directly to the first civil rights legislation in almost a hundred years. It enlisted the powerful support of President Johnson. On the crucial issue of equal opportunity, *Brown* brought the application of the Constitution into harmony with American ideals. Thereby it changed the image of the nation both at home and abroad.

Because it rested on a cluster of cases that protected segregated schooling, the key ruling in *Brown* held circumspectly to that point—"separate *educational* facilities (emphasis added) are inherently unequal." But the finding that segregation violated the equal protection clause spread almost across the board, in what amounted to a "Browning" of America.

Brown drove Jim Crow from the drinking fountain, the waiting room, the lunch counter, the rest room, the elevator, the bus, the motel, the voting booth, the employment office, the salesroom, the public playground and the graveyard. That is not to say that racism has been extirpated. But all underpinning of governmental support has been withdrawn from almost every category of segregation or discrimination by race.

I vividly remember when and how I heard about Pearl Harbor, the assassination of President Kennedy, the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and, on the joyful side, Lindbergh's landing at Paris and the Armistice in 1918. But where was I on May 17, 1954? And what was my reaction? To my chagrin as a civil libertarian and an integrationist, for the life of me I cannot remember.

That spring, twenty years ago, my thoughts were trained on Washington all right, but not on the Supreme Court. At that moment the Oppenheimer trial was approaching climax. Eisenhower had "put a wall" between the maker of the A-bombs and the nation's atomic secrets. Oppenheimer insisted on a hearing; the charges and his response had been published. Now behind closed doors the Atomic Energy Commission sat in judgment. Decision would be handed down on May 27, and I remember it vividly.

Meanwhile, in the Senate Caucus Room under the glare of television, the epic Army-McCarthy hearings were in full blast. Pushed into a corner by McCarthy's charges against generals and the Secretary of the Army, the administration was fighting back. In the bizarre hearings before his own committee McCarthy won some damaging admissions. Counsel Joseph Welch was scoring points, but as of May 17 the outcome of the brawl was far from decided.

Alongside the ominous fugue on Oppenheimer and the blaring Army-McCarthy fanfare, the Supreme Court pronouncement was a bit of sedate chamber music. It was not even addressed to the civil liberties issue that appeared most in danger. The thrust of McCarthyism was that, in order to protect national security from the Communist threat, it was necessary to ride roughshod over the constitutional protection of individuals. Guilt by accusation or guilt by association would suffice. The constitutional casualty would be the Fifth Amendment. I, for example, composed an elegy on The Decline and Fall of the Fifth Amendment.

In the witch hunt then current I was not exactly a witch, but I had been fired as one. That disaster was only temporary: I was back on the job but engrossed in another round of litigation seeking to "be made whole" or, less personally, to re-establish tenure in my university. I find no evidence that I made any immediate comment on *Brown*. Did anyone else?

Mystified as well as chagrined, I have consulted the files of *Open Forum*, the monthly publication of the ACLU of Southern California, and *Frontier*, then the foremost journal of opinion in the West. In February,

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John Caughey was for many years professor of American history at UCLA; he is now president of the Western History Association. His most recent book is To Kill A Child's Spirit: The Tragedy of School Segregation in Los Angeles *(F.E. Peacock).*

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Open Forum had run a story on the cluster of school cases under review by the Supreme Court and in its July number there was a one-sentence oblique reference to the decision. In *Frontier* two letters to the editor told about school integration efforts in Arizona. That was all.

On May 24, *The New Republic* opened with one enthusiastic column of print on the decision. A week later it carried a feature by Harold C. Fleming, who had been sounding out opinion in the South. His title was optimistic, "The South Will Go Along," and so was his conclusion, "We may witness something extraordinary in the way of human growth."

In *The Nation* on May 29, Carey McWilliams had 2 pages on "The Climax of an Era." He reported "national approval as nearly unanimous as any such verdict is ever likely to have," and he hailed it as "a fine antidote for the blight of McCarthyism." In support of this story, which reviewed *Plessy*, as well as the background of the immediate case, McWilliams had solicited comment from an NAACP attorney and from three Southern journalists. Harry Ashmore's remark was typical: "All told the South's reaction . . . has been calm." And with this coverage, *The New Republic* and *The Nation* were content for the rest of the year. But for its reporting, the liberal press is not to be condemned. Having spoken, the Supreme Court fell silent for a year and then regrettably added the phrase, "with all deliberate speed." Little that was noteworthy occurred until 1956 or 1957.

Along the northern edge of the South certain districts began to comply with the ruling. The South proper settled into angry resistance and after ten years the number of black pupils in schools with even one white pupil had dropped from 1 per cent down to absolute zero. The rest of the country was critical of the mob violence in this resistance but otherwise apathetic.

Somewhat later the Deep South came to accept school integration as the law of the land. It allowed implementation to proceed. By last report, some 44.4 per cent of black pupils in those states were in schools that were not just token integrated but where there was a majority of white pupils. That is far better than the report card for the North and West. Today, the prime concentrations of black children assigned to segregated schools are to be found in Northern and Western cities. It is, furthermore, in these communities and on the school issue that the one great exception to the "Browning" of America is to be found. Here the order of the Supreme Court is evaded and resisted, usually under such slogans as local control or opposition to bussing, but with the anomaly that the one governmental body in town that still imposes and enforces segregation is the school system. □

Osrin, Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Guess What? I Learned What De Jure *and* De Facto *Mean."*

Portugal: A Country for Historians

ANTONIO DE FIGUEIREDO

Lisbon

From fifteen years of exile, I arrived in Lisbon two days after the military proclamation. I fell at first into a state of psychological and emotional confusion, my first impression being one of anticlimax because Lisbon looked singularly quiet after London. To add to the confusion I, who had been a writer and journalist in exile, was now myself escorted by journalists who wanted to report about my return home. Things had certainly changed, but I had found a better home.

Once recovered from the first shocks of arrival, I discovered that events had moved so fast in the previous days that suddenly there were no experts in Portuguese politics—we had all become historians. Portugal is living through a period which will force political writers and sociologists to learn new lessons.

In its chronology, the development of the new military regime is quite easily explained. Toward mid-1973 there was a clash of interests between career officers and reserve officers, arising from the widening of the permanent cadres and structure in the armed forces. The issues, revolving around differences of pay, promotion and status between

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the two groups of officers, led to a series of gatherings, called picnics in order to evade the laws restricting the right of association. To meet organizational needs, the officers appointed a committee comprising three representatives from each section of the armed forces and agreed to subscription fees. More important, they thus came to know each other's views and to evolve a common line of thinking. A sociologist would say that they were, after all, part of a cultural revolution which had been developing in Portugal over the past few years, under the coincidental influence of the wars in Africa, the introduction of television and the increased communication which arose from mass emigration to, and mass tourism from, other European countries.

Two, if not three, generations had been born and educated under the old repressive regime, but now the Caetano administration was unable to cope with what was referred to as the "psychological desertion of youth." There was a movement of protest in all spheres of Portuguese life. Schoolchildren rejected conventional texts; priests campaigned against celibacy; women engaged in feminist action; young peasants, returning from four years of conscripted military service in urban centers or in the African territories, rejected the old rural style of life. More directly, army officers of all ranks began to doubt the wisdom of war and hundreds of them apparently gained a political awareness from their service in Africa.

As the movement of young and middle-ranking officers took shape, the geriatric leadership of generals, admirals and brigadiers became totally isolated and discredited. Few of the senior officers managed to retain the respect of the armed forces movement; they were widely referred to as the "rheumatic brigade." Among the exceptions were two fairly liberal generals—Francisco da Costa Gomes and António de Spínola—Chief and Deputy Chief of General Staff of the armed forces. De Spínola had written a book to challenge some of the cherished myths of the established culture, including the claim that Portugal was in Africa to "defend the West." He proposed a federation as an expedient way to achieve a gradual disengagement from the African territories and as an alternative to the strategically hopeless war being fought on three fronts thousands of miles away. As for General Costa Gomes, widely described as a career officer who adheres to military ethics and is singularly devoid of partisan feelings, his record of opposition to war goes back even further. He had been involved with a group of officers who, when India invaded Goa in 1961, had presented to Salazar a study that questioned Portugal's logistical ability to contain the growing political pressures upon the far-flung empire. He took part in an aborted plot, headed by the then Minister of Defense, General Botelho Moniz, to overthrow Dr. Salazar and replace him with Dr. Marcello Caetano, then also a dissident who had resigned from the regime for much the same reasons. When Caetano finally succeeded Salazar, he asked Costa Gomes to become Chief of General Staff.

The publication of the best-selling *Portugal and the Future* moved Caetano to dismiss its author and his superior, General Costa Gomes, who had approved the book for publication. This double firing gave the leaders of the armed forces movement another rallying point.

The way in which the April *coup d'état* was conceived and carried out is now part of the democratic folklore. Clearly there was a mixture of factors, old and new, Someone who saw soldiers on the street early in the morning of April 25 asked a young peasant soldier what he was doing. He said that he and his fellows had been ordered to take up positions so as to curb a revolt. Upon being told by his questioner that "they were the revolt," he shouted to a colleague, "Manuel—look—the gentleman says we are the rebels!" Far from seeming to mind, both soldiers looked happy. Then the incredible began to happen. Ordinary citizens, even those in the most affluent quarters of Lisbon, Oporto and other towns, organized meals and coffee breaks for the soldiers; school girls brought them red carnations, and the soldiers, in exchange, gave them "revolution bullets" as souvenirs. The government surrendered and such was the control of the armed forces movement, then backing the seven-man military junta, that they accorded full military honors to President Tomaz, Prime Minister Caetano and some of their close aides, who were deported to Madeira.

The outside world was as surprised as Portugal was stunned. Owing to the colonial implications of the situation, the leaders of African liberation movements, certain news agencies, and even other governments believed that the well-publicized ideas of General de Spínola were to be the guidelines of a new policy. But that is an oversimplification which can seriously mislead one as to the nature and purpose of what happened in Portugal.

The junta, which proclaimed a few basic goals that met with the approval of the overwhelming majority of the population, confined itself to the overthrow of the President, the government, and the repressive institutions, such as the DGS (security police), the censorship board, the regime's single-party system, paramilitary organizations like the Portuguese Youth, etc. The actual business of governing is to be entrusted to a "provisional" or caretaker government appointed by the junta; most likely it will be drawn from the "Center," where most of the best-known political and financial technicians are to be found. The immediate emphasis is upon the economic and social situation, and one of the first tasks of the provisional government will be to engineer a return to normal business conditions, after banking transactions have been resumed and a system introduced to prevent the flight of funds from Portugal and the overseas territories. Elections will be held within a year, and the country is already moving toward them, with formerly clandestine parties declaring themselves, and exiles and *émigrés* returning. Although the provisional government may propose a truce to the African liberation movements, colonial policy is to emerge out of the normal functioning of a duly elected government and constituent assembly. All speculation on the junta's intention is, therefore, bound to be wrong, as its only purpose is to achieve a return to democracy.

One might say that the coup is an object lesson in politics and history. As long as the established ruling class held uniform views, the Salazar regime worked; but once the Establishment was deeply divided by the situation in Africa, it became imperative to discover which of the contending factions held majority support in the country. Thus democracy became a functional necessity. Both on the

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national level and in the relationship with the colonies, freedom and pragmatism became more expedient ways of surviving than dictatorship and dogma. And it could well be that Portugal will now move from the naked robbery of Fascist dictatorship and old-style colonialism to the confidence trick of bourgeois democracy and economic colonialism.

However, as one watched the May Day demonstration, which turned out to be not an angry show of revenge but a spontaneous carnival of freedom, with even the rich families displaying their colorful bed covers at the windows as if it were a day of religious festival, one could not fail to realize that something really new had happened in Portugal.

Fear had certainly been lifted from the shoulders of the Portuguese. Hundreds of security officers had, at the suggestion of the junta, turned themselves in to the army, to be confined in the prisons just now emptied of political prisoners. After nearly fifty years of dictatorship in Portugal, the roles were reversed. And in fact, when army officers, trade unionists and university and secondary school students demanded the removal of collaborationists from their ranks, it became evident that the underground opposition groups had been keeping their own watch and records for a long time. Yet no one seemed bent on show trials or violent revenge. The mood was epitomized by an incident wherein soldiers escorting lorries full of DGS agents suddenly opened the truck doors and told them to run—preferably beyond the frontiers of Portugal.

Today in Lisbon, Oporto and Coimbra, as well as in Luanda and Lourenço Marques, the middle-class parties, including the Socialists and the Communists, display an impressive degree of cohesion and maturity—as if the people realized that, given its geographical position in Europe and its responsibilities in Africa—Portugal cannot afford reckless adventure or civil war. Now that the parties are emerging, it appears that the most significant group within the left wing is to be the Portuguese Democratic Movement (formerly CDE), a mixed front of Socialists and Communists, rather than the established Portuguese Communist or Socialist Parties. A Center party, which is likely to arise as the common denominator for the conservative and well-to-do middle class, under the leadership of a new generation of Catholics and technicians, will also be a force to reckon with. Between these two extremes, the great bulk of Portuguese seem to look forward to a political climate similar to what obtains in France or Italy; in that atmosphere, they hope, Portugal can come into line with modern Europe.

As I moved away from Lisbon toward Campo de Besteiros to visit my rural family in the hills of Caramulo, I found that they too were aware that the day of liberation had arrived. For them it means peace, and the return of husbands and sons, serving in the army or working somewhere in Europe; also the hope that the main road and the electric cables, which have somehow by-passed their houses, may soon be connected to their lives. I found that they too are patriotically proud that Portugal's revolution of many colors had been more humane than the shameful right-wing coups in Brazil, Greece and Chile. And I who, after the long years of arrest, deportation, escape, exile, conspiracy and the loss of friends through assassination or imprisonment, had thought myself too tired to feel emotion—I cried.

Like many other Portuguese, I am well aware of the historical irony that, after centuries of slavery and forced labor and other forms of subjection, the Africans who fought for their liberation in Guinea-Bissau, Angola and Mozambique had been the main factor precipitating the coup in Portugal. In more than ten years of war, the African freedom fighters had so effectively exposed the nature of Portuguese society and colonialism that Portugal came to have the most highly politicized army in Western Europe. It is a genuine people's army, and when on May 1, revolution and the rights of labor were jointly hailed in the greatest street demonstrations Portugal has ever seen, the army was also celebrated as a people's army, not the mainstay of a repressive and obscurantist regime. The hour of liberation came late, but when it came, it had grandeur and style. We simply want to be free, and to deserve our freedom by ending the centuries-old captivity of millions of Africans. □

'OPTIONS' & 'SCENARIOS'

The (Expletive Omitted) Cover-Up

JOHN LINDSAY

Washington

On April 30, Richard Milhous Nixon replaced John Wesley Dean 3rd as principal accuser of the President of the United States in the Watergate scandal. The President's release that day of 1,308 pages of almost unrelieved self-accusation made his former counsel an irrelevant witness. From last July, it had been essentially Dean against Nixon, but nothing Dean said prepared us for the numbing deception of the American people practiced endlessly by the President and his most trusted advisers. For that, Mr. Nixon referred us to his testament, a brain-drugging document the size of the Manhattan telephone directory.

From beginning to end, it informs us that the President, who periodically through the time covered (September 15, 1972 to April 27, 1973) and later, publicly insisted that he had been trying his best to "get out the facts" of Watergate, was privately engaged in a mind-boggling morass of schemes and devices, "options" and "scenarios," that had but one purpose: to bury the facts

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so deep that the American people would never find them. Only when his intimate knowledge of the details of the most sordid political scandal in the country's history made Nixon himself vulnerable to charges of obstruction of justice did he move grudgingly—and even then deceptively—to put the best face possible on an ugly story.

We cannot know whether it was by coincidence, Nixonian irony or sheer arrogance that the President chose April 30 to release this documented attempt to whitewash Watergate. Exactly one year earlier, he had declared in a televised address: "We must maintain the integrity of the White House, and that integrity must be real, not transparent. *There must be no whitewash at the White House.*"

Readers of this astonishing document, either in whole or part, will be able to form their own conclusions of the sincerity of that Presidential pledge. I shall deal here only with the contrast between the President's public protestations of innocence of details of the Watergate scandal and what his transcripts of his own words and actions reveal. This will include his public statement on Monday, April 30, the night before he released the Watergate transcripts.

Nixon's first major public move to deal at last with the Watergate cover-up came on March 30, 1973, when he announced that he had directed all White House personnel, when summoned, to appear and tell all before the Watergate grand jury. That was heartening, but Mr. Nixon held back other considerations that contradicted the sense of his public statement. At a meeting of the President, Haldeman and Dean on the morning of March 21, nine days earlier, the problem had been seen as a sorry choice: appearance before the Watergate committee or, perhaps better, testimony before the grand jury:

> *President*: . . . I think I want another Grand Jury proceeding and we will have the White House appear before them. Is that right John?
>
> *Dean*: Uh huh.
>
> *President*: That is the point, see. Of course! That would make the difference. I want everybody in the White House called. And that gives you a reason not to have to go before the Ervin and Baker committee. It puts it in an executive session, in a sense.
>
> *Haldeman*: Right.
>
> *Dean*: That's right.
>
> * * *
>
> *Haldeman*: But you do have rules of evidence. You can refuse to talk.
>
> *Dean*: You can take the 5th Amendment.
>
> *President*: That's right.
>
> *Haldeman*: You can say you have forgotten, too, can't you?
>
> *Dean*: Sure, but you are chancing a very high risk for perjury situation.
>
> *President*: But you can say "I don't remember." You can say "I can't recall. I can't give any answer to that that I can recall."
>
> *Haldeman*: You have the same perjury thing on the Hill don't you?
>
> *President*: Oh hell, yes.
>
> *Haldeman*: And the Ervin committee is a hell of a lot worse to deal with.
>
> *Dean*: That's right.

Later Nixon summarizes as follows:

> *President*: But you see, the Grand Jury proceeding achieves this thing. If we go down that road—[unintelligible] we would be cooperating. We would be cooperating through a Grand Jury. Everybody would be behind us. That is the proper way to do this. It should be done in the Grand Jury, not up there under the kleig lights of the committee. And then we would insist on Executive Privilege before the committee, flat out say, "No, we won't do that. It is a matter before the Grand Jury, and so on, and that's that."

It was against that background of Presidential "options" that the decision was announced to send everybody before the grand jury.

On April 17, 1973, the President knew that John Dean and Jeb Stuart Magruder had been talking to the prosecutors. Asst. Atty. Gen. Henry Petersen, caught in a very difficult position as head of the Watergate prosecution team, deferred to the Head of State, whom he could not prosecute in any case, and kept Mr. Nixon abreast of details of the investigation. Nixon knew that Dean had not yet implicated the President, and guessed that, if he were not granted immunity, he would continue to remain silent on that involvement. The President had no right to grant or deny immunity to anyone; that was Petersen's statutory responsibility, and he had told Mr. Nixon he might (reluctantly) have to grant Dean immunity in order to get at the truth of Watergate.

Late on the afternoon of April 17, Mr. Nixon stepped into the White House press room, to read a statement that had been arrived at only after hours of collaboration on "scenarios" with Haldeman and John Ehrlichman.

His statement included this: "I have expressed to the appropriate authorities my view that no individual holding, in the past or at present, a position of major importance in the Administration should be given immunity from prosecution. The judicial process is moving ahead as it should: and I shall aid it in all appropriate ways and have so informed the appropriate authorities."

Dean was not granted immunity, and told the prosecutors nothing of his conversations with President Nixon. That had to await Dean's turn on the witness stand before the Watergate committee, three months later.

An hour before Mr. Nixon issued the above statement, he had blurted to Petersen: "I don't want the damn Ervin committee to go forward." So much for getting at the truth of Watergate in mid-April.

On April 30, 1973, events had moved rapidly. Mr. Nixon was forced to acknowledge what Petersen had told him on April 15—that Haldeman and Ehrlichman had to go, for they were certain to become an embarrassment to the Presidency. That night he announced the resignation of both men "in one of the most difficult decisions of my Presidency. . . ." He also announced the firing of John Dean.

He stated further: ". . . on March 21, I personally assumed the responsibility for coordinating intensive new inquiries into the matter, and I personally ordered those conducting the investigations to get all the facts and to report them directly to me, right here in this office."

Those who have followed the case know what that meant. Richard Kleindienst, at that time attorney general, has testified that he heard nothing from the President,

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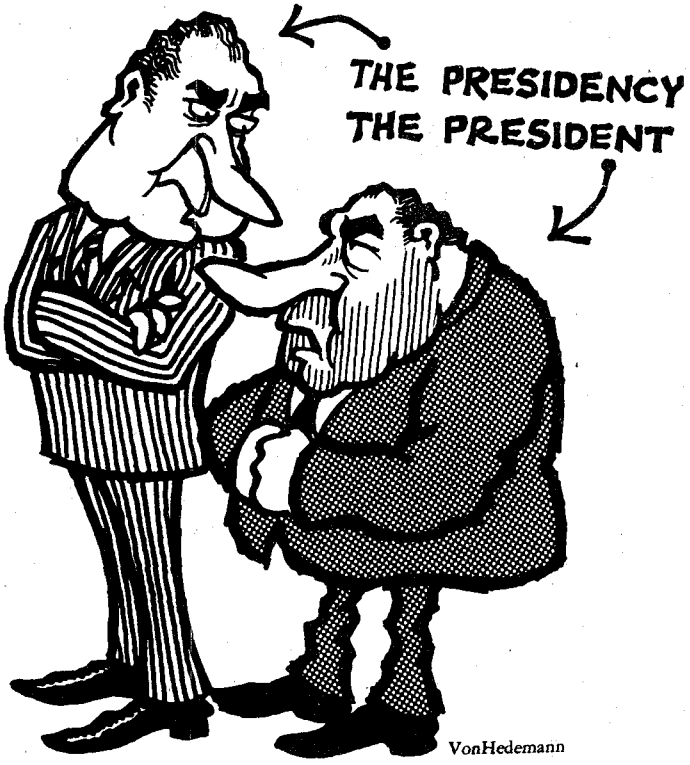

"Protect Me."

save a telephone call on March 22, in which Mr. Nixon told him nothing of the details about the Watergate scandal that had been related to the President by Dean on the previous day. Kleindienst got a vague set of questions from Ehrlichman on March 28 that was much ado about nothing.

Petersen has testified that, even when he and Kleindienst met with the President for the "showdown" on the afternoon of April 15 (unfortunately not recorded), they assumed they were telling him things he had not heard. Mr. Nixon revealed little or nothing to the nation's top prosecutors about his conversations with Dean three weeks earlier. The record now shows that on April 15, and for a long time thereafter, he knew much more than either of his "investigators."

Ehrlichman was set on the trail of the culprits in what the President described as part of his (Nixon's) own "investigation," because Dean had been ordered to Camp David to write a "report," which he had been unable to produce.

The White House press statement covering the release of the transcripts makes much of Dean's failure to complete his "report" to the President—a "report" that Dean denied he was asked to make. Given the context in which the White House used the term, Dean was quite correct that he had been asked to make no report. Talking on the phone to Dean on March 20, 1973, the President said of this "report": "You have got to have something where it doesn't appear that I am doing this in, you know, just in a . . . saying to hell with the Congress and to hell with the people, we are not going to tell you anything because of executive privilege. That they don't understand."

The President continued to instruct Dean:

> But if you say, "No, we are willing to cooperate," and you make a complete statement, but make it very incomplete. See, that is what I mean. I don't want . . . too much chapter and verse . . . try just something general. Like "I have checked into this matter; I can categorically, based on my investigation, state the following: Haldeman is not involved on this, that and the other things. Mr. Colson did not do this; Mr. So and So did not do this. Mr. Blank did not do this." Right down the line, taking the most glaring things. . . .

The idea was that this "report" could be an important instrument to show that the President did not sit idly after Dean informed him of sundry felonies that White House aides might have been party to. It would be, as John Ehrlichman pointed out, something to "rely on." The President made it clear to Dean that he wanted the report, "you know, for internal purposes and to answer questions, etc."

Dean understood exactly what the President wanted, and it was not a "report" in an investigative sense. It also began to look to Dean more and more like a trap for Dean. He came down from Camp David without it. Ehrlichman was later to testify that he would not "dignify" his inquiry for the President as an "investigation."

One of the President's critical assertions was the extent of his knowledge on March 21 of hush money payments to E. Howard Hunt and others of the original seven Watergate defendants. On May 22, 1973, Mr. Nixon issued a 4,000-word statement which observed:

> I did not know until the time of my own investigation [March 21] of any efforts to provide the Watergate defendants with funds.

The President's record on this is perhaps one of the most curious in the contorted history of the Watergate scandal. Last August 15 he refined this recollection somewhat, saying:

> I was told then [March 21] that funds had been raised for payments to the defendants with the knowledge and approval of persons both on the White House staff and the re-election committee. But . . . that the money had been used for attorneys' fees and family support, not that it had been paid to procure silence from the recipients.

Between August 15, 1973, and March 6 of this year, the White House gave up by subpoena—after firing Archibald Cox and William Ruckelshaus, and accepting the resignation of Atty. Gen. Elliot Richardson—the tape of the March 21st meeting with Dean and Haldeman. The prosecutors thus knew what was on the tape, as did the grand jury.

Therefore on March 6, the President made an about-face:

> And for the first time on March 21 he [Dean] told me that payments had been made to defendants for the purpose of keeping them quiet, not simply for their defense. . . .

Later, in Houston, he took that back a little, saying that Dean's charges were merely "allegations," since everyone else involved had denied them—Haldeman under oath before the Watergate committee.

The transcript of that March 21 meeting reads:

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Haldeman: . . . that is the thing we kept raising with you [Dean] when you said there was a money problem. When you said we need $20,000 or $100,000, or something. We said yeah, that is what you need today. But what do you need tomorrow or next year or five years from now?

President: How long?

Dean: That was just to get us through November 7th, though.

Haldeman: That's what we had to have to get through November 7th. *There is no question.* (Emphasis added.)

Dean: These fellows [burglars] could have sold out to the Democrats for one half a million.

(Mrs. E. Howard Hunt was killed in December 1972 in a plane crash in Chicago. She had with her $10,000 in cash to deliver to a contact for the Cubans involved in the Watergate burglary. There was also a Cuban Committee to handle their defense fund.)

President: Those fellows though. As far as what has happened up to this time, are covered on their situation, because the Cuban Committee did this for them during the election?

Dean: Well, yeah, we can put that together. That isn't, of course, quite the way it happened, but . . .

President: I know, *but that's the way it is going to have to happen.* (Emphasis added.)

Dean: It's going to have to happen.

It appears from that that Haldeman was perfectly aware that they were talking about "hush money," as was the President who was concocting a cover story on the spot.

In addition, when Dean explained to the President that Mrs. Hunt had planned to pass on the $10,000 in Chicago to "one of the Cubans," there came this exchange:

President: [unintelligible] but I would certainly keep that cover for whatever it is worth.

Dean: That's the most troublesome posting because (*1*) Bob [Haldeman] is involved in that; (*2*) John [Ehrlichman] is involved in that; (*3*) I am involved in that; (*4*) Mitchell is involved in that, and *that is an obstruction of justice.* (Emphasis added.)

President: In other words the bad it does. You were taking care of witness. . . . How did Bob get in it?

Dean explained that Haldeman had control of a $350,000 White House fund. When money needs of the burglars escalated, Mitchell leaned on Dean, who in turn leaned on Haldeman. Some of that $350,000 was paid to the defendants.

Dean: And then we decided there was no price too high to pay to let this thing blow up in front of the election.

President: I think we should be able to handle that issue pretty well. Maybe some lawsuits.

In the same May 22nd public statement the President insisted: "I took no part in, nor was I aware of, any subsequent efforts that may have been made to cover up Watergate. . . ."

Central to the cover-up was E. Howard Hunt who, through third parties on March 19 had made a demand to Dean for $120,000—or he would tell some of the "seamy things" he had done as an agent of John Ehrlichman. Among them was the ridiculous attempt in September 1971 to steal Dr. Daniel Ellsberg's medical-psychiatric file from the office of Dr. Lewis Fielding in Beverly Hills.

Dean reported all this to the President on March 21, and Nixon appears in the transcript neither surprised nor dismayed. He asks Dean at one point: "How much money do you need?" Dean replies: "I would say these people are going to cost a million dollars over the next two years."

The President later publicly acknowledged that he had told Dean it would be "easy" to raise that amount, but insisted—and Haldeman, who listened to the tape a year ago, so swore at the Senate hearings—that he had made it clear to Dean that it would be wrong.

In the transcript there are some 14 pages of dialogue between the time when Dean tells the President they need a million dollars, and the moment when the President at length says: "No—it is wrong, that's for sure." When the President does reach that conclusion it is at John Dean's urging—and on another subject, executive clemency.

Was clemency for Hunt feasible? The President had talked with Charles (Chuck) Colson about it, he tells Dean, in the context of the tragic death of Hunt's wife a few weeks earlier.

Dean: Politically it's impossible for you to do it [clemency].

President: That's right!

Dean: I am not sure that you will ever be able to deliver on the clemency. It may be just too hot.

President: You can't do it politically until after the '74 elections, that's for sure. Your point is that even then you couldn't do it.

Dean: That's right. It may involve you in a way you should not be involved in this.

President: No—it is wrong, that's for sure.

Most people would conclude that the President meant to say that executive clemency was wrong, because it might be "too hot." The President insists he meant that raising and dispensing the million dollars for the silence of Hunt and others was also wrong. "I know what I meant," he said on last March 6.

Perhaps so, but sometime he must account for the many exchanges on March 21, like this one:

President: Just looking at the immediate problem, don't you think you have to handle Hunt's financial situation damn soon?

Dean agrees and tells the President he has discussed it the previous night with John Mitchell.

President: It seems to me we have to keep the cap on the bottle that much, or we don't have any options.

Dean: That's right.

President: Either that or it all blows right now.

The President has said he authorized no one to make the payment of $75,000 that was made that very night (March 21) to Hunt.

On the afternoon of March 21, there was another meeting with the President, this one including Ehrlichman as well as Haldeman and Dean.

Ehrlichman is leading the discussion, hypothesizing that Hunt might tell the court—he was to be sentenced two

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days later—"If I don't have to go to jail I will cooperate with you and the government. I will tell you everything I know." Ehrlichman guesses that "probably he would receive favorable consideration."

The President picked up the threat immediately.

> *President*: Yeah. And then so the point we have to, the bridge we have to cross there, that you have to cross I understand quite soon, is what do you do about Hunt and his present finance? *What do we do about that?* (Emphasis added.)
> *Dean*: Well apparently Mitchell and [Fred] Larue are *now aware of it so they know how he [Hunt] is feeling.* (Emphasis added.)
> *President*: True. Are they going to do something?
> *Dean*: Well, I have not talked with either of them. Their positions are sympathetic.

Nixon and Dean had agreed in the morning that it was Mitchell's problem. The Watergate grand jury in indicting Haldeman, Mitchell and five others charged as one of the overt acts that Haldeman, when he left the morning meeting with the President, made a telephone call to Mitchell, who was in New York. The indictment charges that from that act flowed the chain of events that ultimately led to Larue's paying Hunt's lawyer $75,000 that night.

The President's problem is that in the foregoing exchange from the afternoon meeting, he indicated in response to Dean that he was aware that Mitchell and Larue had been apprised of the demand Hunt was making on the White House. It is a problem to be resolved, along with a host of other intriguing matters, by the House Judiciary Committee, the House of Representatives and, quite likely now, the United States Senate.

In general, after two complete readings of this incredible Presidential document, I think it fair to say that they contain precious little to sustain the President's previous public assertions and much that flatly contradicts him. His pre-release statement underscores much that is mysterious about why Mr. Nixon thought the transcripts would, as he claimed, clear him of all charges and put an end to the Watergate scandal. For example, he charged there that Dean "did not reveal at that time (March 21) the extent of his own criminal involvement."

The transcript of the March 21st meeting contains this exchange:

> *Dean*: . . . But some people are going to have to go to jail. That is the long and the short of it, also.
> *President*: Who? Let's talk about—
> *Dean*: Alright. I think I could, for one.
> *President*: You go to jail?
> *Dean*: That's right.
> *President*: Oh, hell no! I don't see how you can.

Dean carefully explained to the President why he might be subject to conviction for obstruction of justice.

> *President*: The obstruction of justice?
> *Dean*: That is the only one that bothers me.
> *President*: Well, I don't know. I think that one, I feel it could be cut off at the pass maybe, the obstruction of justice.

Dean pleaded guilty last October 19 to a single count of obstruction of justice. It wasn't that Dean did not warn the President of his own criminal involvement, it was that Mr. Nixon did not want to believe it when Dean himself presented the facts.

This document contains a long, sad story. It may be that, "if read with an open and fair mind," as the President said, it "will show that what I have stated . . . to be the truth has been the truth. . . ."

But then perhaps not. Until last week the only group of presumably fair-minded persons who had read the full text, and heard the tape, of the March 21st meetings, was the Watergate grand jury. It returned indictments against seven of the President's former White House Administration and campaign officials. □

GARBAGE: A NEGLECTED RESOURCE

SEN. JOHN V. TUNNEY

Washington

In its quest for self-sufficiency in the production of energy, the nation may be overlooking a critical source of power—the tens of thousands of tons of garbage that, each day, are bulldozed into dumps all across our country.

President Nixon has given us the slogan, "Project Independence—1980," by which time the nation should be producing from domestic sources all the energy needed to sustain our advanced standard of living. But we can never reach that admirable goal if we are unwilling to make substantial investment now in new forms of power generation, including the transformation of daily tons of waste into energy. The impatient lines at gasoline stations may have become shorter, but our sense of urgency should be just as intense as when the Arabs first turned off their petroleum spigots.

In the long run, the solution to the energy problem will depend, in large measure, on how each citizen budgets his or her demand for fuel and power. Car pooling, mass transit, and the development of a more efficient substitute for the smog-producing internal combustion engine should continue to be important goals. But to reach true self-sufficiency, the country must begin—as a matter of basic and urgent policy—systematically to examine all its potential resources. Solid waste presents a spectacular opportunity to help solve the energy problem, while at the same time contributing to the solution of environmental and materials problems.

Earlier in our history, when materials were scarce and expensive, "waste not" was practically a law of the land.

John Tunney has been a Democratic Senator from California since 1970.

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With affluence, however, America has become conditioned to a "throwaway" style of life. Packaging is ubiquitous and planned obsolescence a way of life. Disposable products dominate the consumer market, and the economy is so structured that it is frequently cheaper to replace worn items than to repair them. Our affluence has contributed to the highest per capita production of waste in the world. Last year, we threw away 4.5 billion tons of solid waste. Included in this staggering sum were 50 billion metal cans, 27 billion glass containers, 4 million tons of plastic containers, 18.8 million tons of paper, 100 million tires and 7 million automobiles. All projections suggest that we shall be adding to these vast mountains of waste at an ever accelerating rate—and it is already five times greater than our population growth.

Meanwhile, we are creating enormous environmental, health and safety problems. Incineration and open burning of wastes thicken air pollution; open dumps cause noxious odors. Water resources are contaminated by "leachate" from landfills and dumps. Mine tailings and other industrial wastes and sludges too often befoul ponds, lakes, rivers and the oceans. Open dumps, debris and automobile graveyards blight the countryside.

Rats, lice and other insects thrive on the refuse and garbage that pile up in the urban outskirts, and wastes that may be dangerously toxic, inflammable, corrosive, or explosive are tossed into open dumps or insanitary landfills. At the same time, the shortage of land has become so serious that many cities believe that within a very few years all the space available for landfill operations will be gone. For environmental reasons as well as for energy, we must begin to view waste not as garbage to be buried or dumped but as a rich, untapped resource.

The Senate Commerce Committee is at work on a comprehensive bill on both recycling and energy generation from solid waste. In eleven days of hearings, Senators Hart, Moss and I received abundant and sometimes dramatic testimony on the potential of this new resource.

This legislation, the Resource Conservation and Energy Recovery Act, offers for the first time a total approach to the country's management of its solid wastes. It proposes a set of economic and other incentives for improving solid waste disposal and for the rapid acceleration of new techniques for recycling and energy generation. This legislation is crucial if America is to do more with its junk than be smothered with it.

The major cities alone dispose annually of metals worth $5 billion. We thus lose an estimated 12 million pounds of steel and more aluminum and tin than we produce domestically. It has been estimated that recycled waste would reclaim 7 per cent of the iron, 8 per cent of the aluminum, 5 per cent of the copper, 3 per cent of the lead, 19 per cent of the tin, and 14 per cent of the paper consumed in this country.

We still incline to take our raw materials for granted. It is sobering to realize that, of the seventy-five minerals vital to our economy, twenty-five are not found in this country. Another twenty-five exist here, but not in sufficient supply to satisfy present demand; and the rest face significant depletion by the end of this century. Yet the percentage of waste that we recover has been decreasing,

Don Hesse, St. Louis Globe-Democrat
"I'm Drilling for Oil."

even as potential shortages loom across a wide spectrum of materials. Furthermore, the recycling process itself saves energy. When scrap is used, the energy demands of steel production drop 25 per cent, and by recycling we can save 95 per cent of the energy requirements for aluminum production.

At present, we throw away garbage that contains the potential equivalent of millions of barrels of oil and gas—enough each year to meet this nation's entire energy needs for residential and commercial lighting, or up to one-third of the energy that is to be delivered by the Alaska pipeline. Europe already has begun to utilize garbage. The Netherlands, West Germany and Switzerland all make extensive use of waste for energy generation. Frankfurt now gets 7 per cent of its electrical energy from a garbage-burning installation; Amsterdam gets 6 per cent.

In recent years, we have made rapid progress in the development of technologies to convert solid waste to energy. California has plans to drill in landfills for the methane gas produced by decomposing garbage. It is estimated that from one landfill site in Los Angeles alone enough methane gas could be pumped to serve the energy needs of 25,000 households for a year. It is now also possible to convert wastes into combustible, coal-like pellets that are easily transportable and can be used in coal-burning furnaces. More advanced techniques—such as pyrolysis, whereby the wastes are, in effect, cooked at extremely high temperatures without oxygen—are available to produce a low-sulfur oil or gas. This process reduces the bulk of the solid waste, thus easing disposal.

Nevertheless, Americans continue to handle their solid waste disposal problems much as they did hundreds of

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years ago. While sending rockets to the moon and manned space stations around the earth, we throw our garbage out the back door.

Little headway will be made unless the President alters his policies to accord with his professed goals. In the last three years, the Administration has spent only $20 million on demonstration projects to convert waste into energy. (During this same period, it impounded $6 million earmarked for this purpose by Congress.) Such funding is inadequate for the needed rapid development of solid waste recovery and energy conversion plants.

Administration spokesmen argue that they are doing enough. They say present funding levels allow for demonstrating direct burning of shredded waste in St. Louis, a system for recovering oil from waste in San Diego, and a system for getting gas and steam from waste in Baltimore. They say they will thus be demonstrating the three major energy conversion techniques that are now available and that the roadblocks to rapid utilization of these technologies are *institutional* rather than fiscal.

The Administration's position, unfortunately and typically, is simplistic. Witness after witness at our extensive hearings testified that the size of the city, the type of waste (which varies from area to area), and even geographical location and pollution requirements all may affect the type of system that would be desirable. But present demonstration projects are so limited that local governments, which are the major potential purchasers of such systems, have inadequate information to make an intelligent choice and are often reluctant to act at all.

Money is a major barrier also in many cities already overburdened by a multitude of urban problems. In California and several other large states, laws limit the ability of cities and counties to levy taxes for new projects, and nationwide, new municipal tax and bond schemes go down to defeat by fiscally overburdened and irate voters.

Therefore, if the Administration continues to restrict funding for recycling and energy generation, rapid tapping of our solid waste resources is impossible. The Resource Conservation and Energy Recovery Act, on the other hand, will provide the money necessary for the United States to benefit from a vital resource. To spur greater development of energy recovery, resource recovery and waste management systems, this legislation authorizes $135 million for direct grants, and $825 million in loan guarantees to stimulate the rapid development of meaningful demonstration projects. Also provided is funding for state and local plans, the construction of facilities and the training of personnel.

Money would be available under this Act only for projects that were in compliance with comprehensive state or regional plans. Therefore, this funding will serve the double purpose of stimulating research into and demonstration of new technologies, while speeding their application at the state and regional levels. Only such a program can assure a nationwide systematic use of waste resources. The federal government and its agencies will be required to set an example for the nation by being mandated to purchase recycled materials if they are available at reasonable cost.

It is time that this Administration, which has spoken boldly of energy self-sufficiency by 1980, began to match words with action. If we continue to wait for the marketplace to force local governments to take advantage of their waste resources, decades may go by, and every year of inaction means billions of dollars lost in materials and energy production. Also, sole reliance on the marketplace will not force the states to develop the comprehensive waste management plans that are essential for maximum returns. It is incredible that the Administration, despite the energy crisis, fails to ask that any money be appropriated for fiscal 1975 to demonstrate solid waste energy-recovering technologies.

Already a number of independent studies have caused serious doubts about the attainability of "Project Independence—1980." It is estimated that unless present demand trends are dramatically reversed, an all-out drive to develop domestic energy resources will still fall short of demand in 1980 by millions of barrels of oil a day—which fuel would have to come from foreign sources. Even if, as I believe, total self-sufficiency by 1980 is a commendable but probably unattainable goal, we still must act forcefully and immediately to begin to check an ever increasing dependence on foreign sources of energy and materials. If we wish to avoid a foreign stranglehold on our materials and energy supplies, we cannot continue to ignore our important solid waste resources—and now is the time for action. □

STABLE URBAN NEIGHBORHOODS

A STRATEGY FOR THE CITIES

STEPHEN N. ADUBATO and RICHARD J. KRICKUS

The first priority of a viable strategy for the cities must be to stabilize urban residential neighborhoods. This basic requirement has been overlooked by the principals in the current revenue-sharing debate and by the experts in Congress and the Administration who are designing a new housing program for our nation. The thrust of our urban policy—such as it is—destroys stable residential communities on the one hand while it spends billions to build new dwellings and nourish residential communities on the other. Government programs and private actions are both responsible for this mad contradiction, the results of which are millions of abandoned dwellings, acres of blighted landscape, the destruction of bustling inner-city neighborhoods, plunging tax revenues and a climate

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of despair which defeats subsequent attempts to restore "urban America."

Urban neighborhoods are being destroyed because the soundness of government programs is often judged by powerful forces in the private sector and not by officials elected to promote the public interest. Actions taken by the business community make it impossible, in many areas, for working people to maintain homes and neighborhoods in center city. It is against this backdrop that we urge the adoption of a residential neighborhood strategy. We focus on the white ethnic neighborhoods we know best and which, because of strong communal ties, are well qualified to benefit from this strategy, but much of what follows pertains to residential communities of many compositions across the United States.

After World War II, the highway program and the FHA mortgage insurance and V.A. mortgage guarantee programs stimulated suburbanization. Bankers, builders, insurance underwriters and land speculators encouraged home building in the outer reaches of metropolitan areas. These measures were necessary to meet the pressures of population growth and the rising demand for housing. Unfortunately, while Washington was making it possible for potential home owners to relocate in the suburbs, very little was done to preserve and improve existing inner-city neighborhoods. FHA actually discouraged home buying in the city; so did lending institutions and insurance companies. At the same time, urban redevelopment programs bulldozed sound housing and destroyed viable neighborhoods—because they were designated "gray areas." The conceptual basis for this procedure reflected the physical determinism of planners who defined slums in terms of unsightly dwellings, who abhorred mixed land uses, and who ignored their own strictures about viewing the city as a "system."

Today, old dwellings—those made of wood and others that violate the aesthetic sensibilities of middle-class planners—are often designated substandard even though they are structurally sound and conform to housing codes and safety regulations. High-density (but not overcrowded) neighborhoods and those in which mixed land uses prevail are tagged for urban renewal. Urban experts who tour older urban white ethnic communities are often inclined to describe them as slums, though every freshman student of sociology knows that the defining feature of a slum is social disorganization—settlements where unemployment is high, family fragmentation common, and crime and other forms of social pathology pandemic—not physical decay. Despite all the rhetoric one hears in planning circles about "urban systems"—that changes in one part of a system will affect its other components—our urban policy has ignored the importance of residential neighborhoods in urban restoration. It has even escaped the attention of many hard-nosed investors.

In cities across America, billions are being spent on "downtown projects," which usually involve high-rise office buildings, apartments, hotels, shopping malls and occasional town houses in which only the wealthy can afford to live. As the reinforced concrete is being poured, residential communities in proximity to downtown are being bulldozed. When potential customers and workers flee, their departure prompts businessmen who are considering other commercial ventures to pause and take stock. "With so many people moving, where will my customers come from?" Because many small businesses and restaurants are being destroyed, "will people have as much incentive to travel downtown as they once did?" And because the decline of residential communities produces social dislocation, "will people feel it's safe to eat, shop, or attend a downtown theatre?" And "how am I going to get employees to work here?"

Many businessmen have been unable to answer all these questions and much downtown office space goes unrented, business ventures are halted or are never started, and corporation executives quietly plot to follow the herd to the suburbs. Yet, the "downtown project" approach is the basis for much of what passes for urban redevelopment, and it will no doubt continue to be so as long as Washington makes it profitable to construct these white elephants in urban America. The restoration of blighted commercial areas is certainly a necessary part of salvaging our "urban systems," but it must be accompanied by the revitalization of residential neighborhoods.

Lower-middle-class neighborhoods have been excluded from most federal housing programs. Those designed to meet the needs of the poor are mere tokenism, or often, because of poor administration, indifference, or collusion on the part of local officials, have been a windfall for unethical businessmen. And ill-designed housing programs for the poor have expedited the destruction of stable working-class communities. A case in point is the FHA-sponsored Title 235 program which enables poor people to purchase homes with small down payments and long mortgages.

Under the program—scrapped when it became public knowledge that real estate speculators were exploiting it to the tune of millions of dollars—poor people bought homes on the assumption that, since the government had guaranteed the dwellings, they met FHA standards. But, although under FHA regulations no home with code violations was acceptable, fee appraisers, in collusion with the seller, simply ignored them in their reports. The multi-racial West Side Real Estate Coalition in Chicago found numerous examples of this practice in a survey they conducted in 1972. Furthermore, assessors frequently falsified the applications of buyers who were financially unable to bear the burden of the purchase. After moving in and finding the violations or discovering that they could not afford the house, many buyers defaulted on their mortgages.

The program's goal was commendable but, like numerous other urban programs, it failed because corrupt or indifferent officials permitted fast-buck artists to rip off the poor who desperately need shelter. It contributed to the destruction of many working-class neighborhoods where the homes were purchased, because after the buyer

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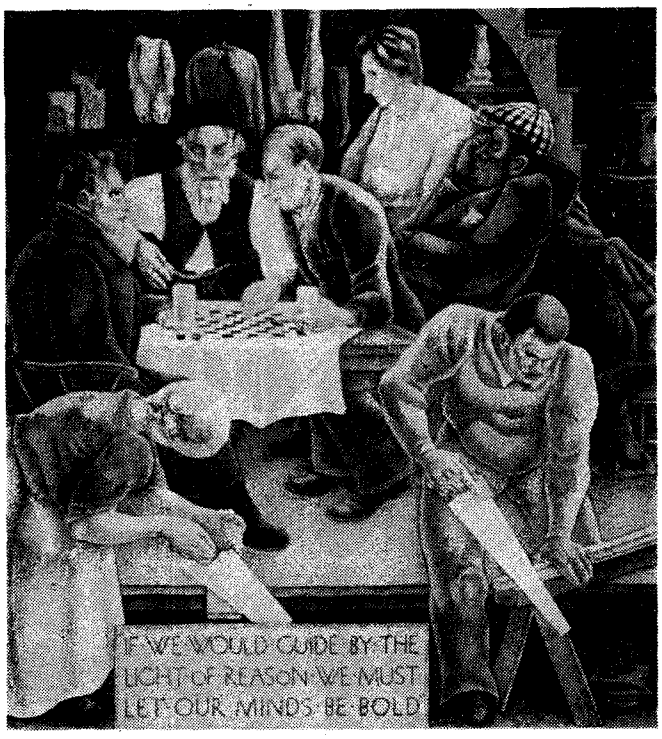

"Tenement" (Detail from a Mural) by George Biddle

defaulted and the inventory of abandoned dwellings mushroomed, long-time residents rushed to sell their homes in fear that the collapse of the housing market was imminent. The taxpayer picked up the tab for the defaulted mortgages.

It is not only in places like Chicago, where politicians still quest for boodle with the zest of Boss Tweed, that government programs are destroying residential communities. The program was abused in New York City too.

In the fall of 1972 commuters on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway were subjected to a horrendous traffic jam when a group of protesters formed a human chain across the thoroughfare. Most of the demonstrators were women, housewives from the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn—the wives and daughters of blue-collar workers who were employed by the city or by factories in and around the New York metropolitan area. These women had never before confronted political authority, and sitting down to block traffic was an "illegal act" which caused them much guilt and soul searching. One of their leaders, Mrs. Anastasi Zawakzki McGuinnes, observed, "That was the first time we ever did anything like that in our lives. But it's amazing what you can get yourself to do if it means survival." Survival meant defeating the city's plan to condemn housing which would eventually force some eighty-six families and several businesses from the predominantly Polish-American "Northside" neighborhood. Frustrated by their powerlessness and angered by the city's refusal to meet with them, the women took to the highway to publicize their plight.

City officials claimed it was unfortunate that the homes had to be destroyed, but the action was necessary to permit the S&S Corrugated Paper Machinery Co. to expand and make several hundred more jobs available. In 1969 the company was offered a low-interest federal loan contingent upon its not relocating in New Jersey; to sweeten the deal, the city Economic Development Administration promised it would make "land available to permit the company to expand its facilities." The City Planning Commission and Board of Estimate held hearings to which community representatives were invited, and they attended. But it was apparent that a deal had been made, and the Northsiders did not have the muscle to prompt a serious reassessment of the scheme.

Community spokesmen argued that they certainly were in favor of making jobs available, for they were working people themselves; but they questioned whether the reason for the condemnation was to provide jobs; perhaps it was a windfall for the company. The city had not given the people proper warning about the condemnation and the hearings were rigged against them; the decision to bulldoze their homes was made before the hearings; the residents were being awarded below market prices for their homes; the city never bothered to comply with its own relocation statutes; it was withholding subsidies soon to be put into effect; and it was questionable whether it was legal to condemn property for the sake of a profit-making corporation. Had the city's planners done their job, they could have taken measures to meet the needs of both the cardboard company and the home owners.

In the fall of 1973 the Northsiders were evicted. Because of the assistance of an energetic former civil rights worker, Jan Petersen, the help of City Councilman Fred Richmond, and the technical advice of the Pratt Institute's Center for Community and Environmental Development and other outside allies, the people got a better deal than was originally anticipated. Nonetheless, they can take little comfort in the measures the city took to soften the blow. Nor can their neighbors, who fear it is only a matter of time before the city decides to remove them as well. This callous use of power is an example of why Americans are becoming "estranged from government." *The New York Times* reported after the eviction that Paul Levine, an Economic Development Administration official who played "a leading role in the controversy," had resigned his job to join the S&S Corrugated Paper Machinery Co. "as a top executive."

The Northsiders' loss, however, is also the city's loss; for while New York spends millions of dollars for "community development" and "crime prevention" on the one hand, it is destroying a stable, crime-free community on the other. Nancy Seifer, a former aide to Mayor Lindsay, claims that the S&S maneuver was just the latest of a series of actions which the city took at the expense of the Northside neighborhood. The first blow to its integrity was delivered in the 1950s when an expressway was built through the community, destroying a hundred homes in the process. In 1961, the area was zoned "manufacturing"; real estate values plunged, home owner's insurance became more difficult to get, and a commercial street was devastated. Since then the city has closed down the 92nd Precinct which was located in the neighborhood, and has rejected the request of Puerto Rican and Polish spokesmen to renovate it as a community center. In spite of numerous requests to get a stop sign for a perilous intersection, the city has refused to comply; and it is

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anticipated that the local firehouse will soon be relocated elsewhere. The imminent destruction of this ethnic neighborhood is not an isolated example; several years ago, Italian-American residents of Corona waged a bitter, protracted struggle with the city before they saved their homes from condemnation. Meanwhile, Chelsea in Manhattan, one of the oldest residential areas in the city, is in danger of being destroyed by industrial development.

These are only a handful of examples detailing how federal agencies and local governments across the country are destroying stable neighborhoods. Until this trend is reversed, programs adopted to save our cities, including new schemes to finance them, will remain meaningless gestures providing paychecks for government bureaucrats and urban consultants, and enriching contractors, real estate speculators and the lending institutions which somehow or other always come out on top.

It is also high time that responsible policy makers acknowledge that destructive business practices are a second source of neighborhood decay. Until the people can hold businessmen accountable for decisions which affect the fate of their neighborhoods, we are not going to check urban blight, much less improve the quality of urban life. The "money people" have a virtual veto over government housing and related urban renewal programs. Herbert Gans, in his highly acclaimed study of a Boston Italian-American community, noted a decade ago that in the initial stages of a West End redevelopment program, some streets in the target community were excluded because the housing was in good condition. Later, the lending institutions involved ordered that they be torn down because it would be difficult to sell cleared land "surrounded by aging if well-kept tenements." Harold Kaplan, who has written favorably about Newark's urban renewal program, has illuminated the central role the private sector played in that city's housing programs in the 1950s. "The big question about any redevelopment site was whether a private firm could make a profit on middle-income housing in that area. If the answer was negative, no redeveloper would buy the site, and no FHA official would agree to insure mortgages for construction there." Kaplan's conclusion accurately characterizes joint public-private sector programs today. George Gross, counsel to the House Subcommittee on Housing, commenting upon the failure of our "low-cost" housing programs, said last summer: "The big decisions are really made by private developers," who "decide where subsidized housing will go, how much each unit will cost within a range set by the federal government, the size of the unit, and most important, whether there will be any such housing at all."

The social cost of urban blight is enormous to city dwellers, as the economic cost is troublesome to the taxpayer. But urban malaise has proven to be profitable to unethical businessmen who prey upon the minority poor and their lower-middle-class white neighbors alike. Real estate speculators zero in on inner-city white ethnic communities for the purpose of blockbusting because the residents lack the power to resist. Panic peddlers exploit white fears that the presence of blacks will result in plunging property values and the wholesale exodus of whites from the neighborhood. An investigative reporter for a Newark paper found, in a probe of blockbusting in the city, that fast-buck artists were manipulating Newark's racial tensions. For example, he spoke to a widow who was told by a real estate agent that she could "not get a nickel more than $7,500" for her home because of the "ethnic situation" in Newark. Eager to relocate her family to southern New Jersey, she reluctantly sold for the quoted price. The reporter, tracing the real estate records, found that the house was sold later that same day for $17,000. Under such circumstances, both the white seller and black buyer are being had. Blockbusting continues to foster wholesale white urban flight, North and South; and to a significant degree, it is responsible for what has now become a truism of many cities: "There are no integrated neighborhoods in our cities, only changing ones."

Blockbusting has received the condemnation it so richly deserves; but an equally destructive practice of the business community, "redlining" by insurance companies and lending institutions, is often ignored. Home owners in many white ethnic neighborhoods are told that they live in a "riot," "disaster," "high-risk," or "gray" area; hence, they are ineligible for mortgage money or insurance coverage. Redlining works like a self-fulfilling prophecy. Because rehabilitation money is withheld, small home owners are unable to take proper care of their dwellings; roofs, sidings and porches begin to decay and, as the housing in the community becomes unsightly, home owners and businessmen, fearful that their neighborhood is on the decline, are reluctant to "keep up" their property. As the neighbors' dwellings deteriorate and the more mobile residents move, the people largely responsible for the outcome sit back and take pride in their prophetic powers and business acumen.

It is the fate of most working-class city dwellers to stand in mute frustration while the future of their neighborhoods is determined by remote officials or callous businessmen who cannot be held accountable for the destruction of residential communities. The powerlessness of the residents is the third reason why white ethnic neighborhoods are being flattened. It is also why the residents are excluded from the benefits of social service programs. These programs are vital to the welfare of the many urban families which include members who, under law or administrative guidelines, qualify for participation in manpower, housing, drug abuse, crime and educational programs. Prof. S.M. Miller, a forceful advocate of social planning, has observed that much white opposition to public and private urban programs has arisen because they have excluded the white lower-middle class. The situation heightens racial tensions and has fostered the mistaken notion that the problems of minority Americans are "being taken care of." Among the army of educators, community health specialists, manpower experts and other "urban experts," there are few advocates for white working-class urbanites.

Economic deprivation and racial discrimination have prompted urban administrators to respond, though modestly, to the unmet needs of urban minority groups. Quite properly, one finds advocates for their cause in government, the foundations, academia and the media; at the

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COMING SOON

J. EDGAR'S LEGACY

How the Federal Bureau of Investigation was made into the Ministry of Internal Security.

FRANK J. DONNER

same time, well-to-do citizens have the political influence, economic power and social status to make certain that public agencies and private interests play by the rules with them. This accounts for a youngster whose father earns an impressive salary as a corporation executive acquiring a college tuition grant while a truckdriver's son who does not know how to "work the system" is denied such assistance. It explains why a young coed infected by a venereal disease can receive a free shot at a clinic serving counter-culture youth, while the youngster who earns $85 a week pumping gas must pay $20 for similar care. John Fiorillo and Ralph Perrotta of the New York Center for Ethnic Affairs have found, as expected, that poor neighborhoods in New York receive a larger share of city funds than working-class ones—but so do more affluent neighborhoods.

In most cases urban administrators and program personnel know little about white ethnic communities and lack the training to work effectively with their residents. And it is an anomaly of white ethnic neighborhoods that, while they are highly organized communities, their leadership normally lacks the experience and skills needed to state community problems, to mobilize available resources, and to use them constructively. This condition arises, in part, from the notion that family, church and other private associations can satisfactorily deal with the problems which affect the community and its residents. A contributing factor is the persistence of an immigrant/working-class political legacy (many white ethnics today are second and third generation and have become middle class, but most of them continue to see the world through the prism of that legacy) which treats individual and not community problems. In Chicago and the boroughs of New York, where the old ethnic politicians still hold power, patronage politics may effectively meet the needs of individuals by providing jobs, city contracts, etc., but it ignores community-wide problems. When Washington began during the 1960s to pump money into a host of poverty and urban programs, many old guard white ethnic politicians viewed them in terms of "black patronage," or as a means to keep the ghettos cool during long hot summers. Others opposed them because they feared the political implications of "organizing the poor," and still others ignored social and community programs because the old lucrative sources of patronage kept them busy. The Catholic Church and organized labor, the most powerful institutions in many Catholic urban neighborhoods, have often ignored the community problems of their parishioners and rank-and-file members.

A Corona housewife told Fiorillo and Perrotta that when her neighborhood was threatened by condemnation, she went to the local political club where she had been a block captain for twenty years. She was told there was nothing that could be done. In desperation she tried the largest church in the area and was informed that they could not help her either. "I realized," she said, "that after all those years in the political club, I didn't know anything about politics." The most helpful advice she received was from a black neighbor's son who suggested several community action strategies.

A growing number of white ethnic community leaders and younger politicians have begun to recognize that "voluntarism" and patronage politics cannot treat the awesome urban problems of our post-industrial society. But, given the dependence of our cities upon state and federal moneys and the power of the private sector in implementing urban policies, even the more "community-oriented" white ethnic politicians and spokesmen will be unable to plug their constituents into future programs as long as federal policy makers ignore the critical importance of residential communities and the "target population" is excluded from participation in "public decisions" which the private sector makes at their expense.

It has escaped urban strategists that there is an ethnic dimension to the urban crisis, which must be taken into account in urban planning. Millions of people still live in viable white ethnic neighborhoods in the East, North and Midwest. Like healthy working-class neighborhoods elsewhere, a large proportion of homes are owner-occupied, most of them bought after years of toil and sacrifice. They may be old and not much to look at, but they are structurally sound and offer living space which cannot be found in the suburbs at comparable prices. They are not merely a composite of brick and mortar providing shelter, but a physical manifestation of a bitter-sweet legacy which began when European immigrants left the "old country" at the turn of the century to build a new life in America.

Social life revolves around the family and close friends; there is a well-balanced mix of old and young. Old people still enjoy full lives, sharing the family's joy and sorrow. They are rarely committed to nursing homes or exiled to "leisure villages." Tightly knit family networks and the adhesive of an ethnic subculture contribute to neighborhood stability and foster warm community life.

No one makes a lot of money; but unemployment until recently has not been a source of great concern. There are, furthermore, hidden economic assets which have escaped the sophisticated eye of orthodox economists. Irving Levine of the American Jewish Committee found in a study of white ethnic neighborhoods such tangible economic activities as "casual employment and labor" in the form of "child care, mechanical maintenance and repair, house painting, snow removal, and sub-tenancy for neighbors' relatives." He also discovered "community-owned recreational equipment and communal meals, bazaar sales, and fund-raising efforts in behalf of the communal sponsors."

Here the people you want to spend time with are usually within walking distance, and you can chat with friendly acquaintances on the street. The local merchants know you by name and they take time to ask you about your family or how things are going at work. You can still find butcher shops, bakeries and markets which sell a variety of well-prepared meats—Italian sausages or Polish *kielbasa* —delicious pastries and breads—*cannoli,* strudels, hearty

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ryes, black pumpernickel and crusty white bread—and unprocessed cheeses, commodities which, elsewhere in America, are available only at specialty stores. Social clubs, fraternal associations and taverns are the focus of social life outside the home.

One cannot quantify the economic value of "community," but it's a scarce commodity in America and it's something of value. The hippies who bed down with the Indians in Taos, the suburban youngsters from Virginia and Maryland who inundate Georgetown, and the corporation executives and middle-class housewives who do their thing at Esalen are all looking for it. Counter-culture theorists searching for authentic community life would be well advised to search out ethnic neighborhoods.

Many urban ethnics are fleeing the center city, but others are holding tight and still others would stay if our urban policy included their neighborhoods in urban redevelopment schemes. Ethnic communal ties have served as an adhesive, enabling these urbanites to endure physical deterioration, racial discord, declining schools and services, street crime and high taxes—the things which have pushed city dwellers elsewhere in the United States to the suburbs.

If we are to check white out-migration, resulting in the flight of tax revenues, jobs and the human resources which our cities cannot afford to lose, we must stabilize these viable neighborhoods. Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, St. Louis, Richmond and New Orleans will by the end of this decade join Newark, Gary and Atlanta as black majority cities. If this trend is not checked, many, if not most, middle-class blacks and Spanish-speaking Americans will join the white exodus. The result will be urban reservations housing the poor, elderly and minority Americans who lack the tax base to meet their varied needs or the leadership to mobilize their slender resources. Thus, the fate of the urban poor is inextricably wedded to the stabilization of the residential neighborhoods which still thrive in our urban centers.

It is apparent that Congress and the Administration have decided to scrap the commitment Congress made in 1968 to construct 2.6 million housing units a year. Reports from the House Subcommittee on Housing indicate that the yearly target henceforth will be half that figure. We must, therefore, preserve the inventory of existing urban housing. Toward that end we must adopt an authentic national urban policy which is adequately funded and properly emphasizes residential neighborhoods, for their survival will contribute to the welfare of all the people who live in the nation's troubled cities. Government planners and responsible persons in the private sector should consider adoption of the following recommendations:

¶ Municipal authorities should survey their existing residential neighborhoods and categorize them according to their stability. An index can be constructed to evaluate them; for example, rapid out-migration of long-time residents, a dip in per capita income, a rise in the community's per capita age, abandoned dwellings and the shrinking of tax-producing properties—all are symptoms of declining neighborhood stability.

¶ Since residential neighborhoods are as vital to the "urban system" as flood plains and wetlands are to the "ecological system," neighborhoods which are, or soon will be, collapsing under the pressure of rapid social change should be designated "Neighborhood Revitalization Areas" (NRAs) and protected from expressway construction, urban renewal, condemnations and other schemes which destroy vital urban resources.

¶ NRAs should be offered special funding; government money and guarantees would be awarded to private investors and contractors, contingent upon their eliminating practices that erode stable communities. For example, participatiing banks and insurance companies would make mortgage money and coverage available to businessmen and home owners at rates below present scales.

¶ Since NRAs are in the public interest, tax rebates and low-cost mortgage and rehabilitation money should be available to the people who reside in them. Funding for low-cost multi-unit dwellings, apartments for senior citizens and small business loans would be included in the project package. Community involvement in the NRAs would be provided through neighborhood councils, which would send representatives to the NRA governing bodies. Funds would permit the target neighborhood, through the NRA board, to hire "community agents" who would be accountable to the community and provide it with technical expertise.

A number of other measures should be adopted in conjunction with or independent of the NRAs. For example:

¶ Cities should assess the performance of public and private agencies to determine how well they are meeting the needs of residential neighborhoods. Lower-middle-class residents and neighborhoods should be included in present and projected programs, from which they are now excluded, and the guidelines which determine participation should be revised upward.

¶ Local ordinances and "penalties" in federal programs should be adopted to eliminate blockbusting and redlining by lending institutions and insurance companies. There is no reason why federal standards should not be written into revenue-sharing allotments.

¶ White ethnic representation must be assured on boards and staffs of private "planning associations," "urban coalitions" and "educational and media outlets"—e.g., Public Broadcasting—from which they are now excluded.

¶The Catholic Church and organized labor have the skills, manpower and resources to develop viable community organizations and effective leadership in working-class Catholic residential communities. Middle-class "urban activists" who possess professional skills can play a vital role in helping communities "ripe for the bulldozer" fight public and private agencies which abuse their power at the expense of residents.

These recommendations, by no means definitive, suggest the kind of measures that must be taken to preserve and revitalize our urban residential neighborhoods; they apply to neighborhoods across the country—those which house black and white residents, WASPs and ethnics. Finally, we reject the argument of those conservatives who complain that we spend too much money on our cities and that social service programs are wasteful; and we challenge those liberals who advocate a new, well-financed campaign to save our cities to spend less time polishing their rhetoric about "people's programs" and get down to spending more money and time on saving those neighborhoods where the people live. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Under the Magnifying Glass

THE MORAL AND POLITICAL THOUGHT OF MAHATMA GANDHI. *By Raghavan Iyer. Oxford University Press. 449 pp. $12.50.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK

"I am not built for academic writings. Action is my domain." So said Gandhi, and as he usually did of himself, he spoke with realistic accuracy. Gandhi cannot be considered seriously except as a man of action. He wrote much in a sporadic and occasional way, and his collected works, whose publication is still not completed, already run into more than twenty volumes of writings and speeches. Yet all these writings were consequent on his actions as a fighter for Indian rights and liberties in South Africa and as the leader in India of a movement that sought not merely freedom from a foreign yoke but also the total reform and moralization of Indian society.

We cannot say that Gandhi would have written nothing if he had not become involved in these struggles; in fact he did write some undistinguished pleas for vegetarianism even before they began. But we can say that all his important writings resulted from his actions, and that without his actions these writings would probably not still be read. A single act Gandhi performed—his taking up in defiance of the law of a handful of salt on the beach at Dandi in 1930—had a symbolic significance far outweighing the significance of any single thing he wrote. And its eventual consequences in terms of world history were certainly greater than the consequences of all his writings, since they led to the great India-wide civil disobedience of 1930-31. This in its turn led to the Viceroy receiving the rebel Gandhi as an equal, which in its turn represented the first major crack in the façade of the British Empire.

Having said as much, one cannot deny the interest of Gandhi's writings as clues to the reasons for his acts, nor can one deny that they reinforced his appeal among the literate minority of Indians. Yet here again one must bear in mind that Gandhi relied more than any other Indian leader on the support of the illiterate millions in the villages, and for them his example and his *darshan*—the mana of his presence—were more important and more commanding than anything he wrote or, indeed, anything he said. And there always seems to me something pretentious, in a way Gandhi himself would hardly have relished, in the inclination of Indian scholars to write books with ponderous titles like that of the volume I am now reviewing, which suggest that they feel it necessary to fit their fellow countryman into the hierarchy of political philosophy as the West understands it. (One might also object that Gandhi himself disliked the title of "Mahatma," but his attitude on that question was so coyly equivocal that I hesitate to press it.)

On reading, Raghavan Iyer's book turns out to be far more instructive than its early pages suggest. It is true that he begins, in his anxiety to stress Gandhi's world importance, with a series of absurdities that do nothing to inspire confidence. For example: "He had his detractors, but made no enemies." Yet what can one call Jinnah but an enemy? And what of those who plotted Gandhi's assassination? Were they merely "detractors"? "More books and essays have already been written about Gandhi," Professor Iyer continues, "than about any other figure in world history except the founders of the great religions." More than about Shakespeare? Or Marx? Or Alexander? It is unfortunate that authorial eagerness should arouse mistrust so quickly, since as we continue, and Iyer takes one Gandhian concept after another, carefully examining them and relating them to Indian traditions, we do learn a great deal about what it must have meant to Indians when a prophet appeared who was daring enough to revivify with doses of Western reason such ancient concepts—long more honored in the breach than in the observance—as *satya* (truth) and *ahimsa* (non-harming), and to frame them into doctrines of action which bore familiar-sounding names like *satyagraha* (or truth force) but which led Indians into the unfamiliar strategies by which they weakened beyond remedy the structure of a great empire.

If I continue to find fault with *The Moral and Political Thought of Mahatma Gandhi*, it is for two complementary reasons. First, Iyer projects us into areas beyond Gandhi's social and intellectual world when he insists on making artificial comparisons with medieval and Enlightenment Western thinkers, so that he not only discusses those writers who did influence Gandhi, such as Tolstoy and Ruskin and Thoreau (though he mysteriously mentions Kropotkin only once and that fleetingly), but also refers copiously to those who did not and whose relevance even in comparative terms is more than distant—such as St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, Hobbes and Locke, Bishop Butler and Kant and Hume (the last a prime favorite).

This attempt to broaden the relevance of Gandhi's ideas, to turn him into a universal thinker rather than a world actor, is unfortunate because—my second reason—it fails to observe his true importance. Gandhi was like the mythical Antaeus. He drew his power from the here-and-now. His ideas came from a very limited reading of Western books and a knowledge of Indian philosophy that a Benares pandit would have found pitifully elementary. But he melded this limited store of concepts with great intensity and produced the simple but powerful thoughts that captivated and inspired to action a whole people. Gandhi could not have written and probably could not have understood completely the works of Locke or Hume or anything like them, but then, Locke or Hume could not have produced the same effects as Gandhi did by action humbly explained.

Therefore, I suggest, we could have done with more detailed reference to Gandhi's actions, how they preceded and produced his thoughts, and much closer attention to Gandhi as a typical half-Westernized Indian of his time whom circumstances propelled into a course of action that released his powers and made him an Indian again, and even that miraculous thing, an Indian without caste or community prejudices. Also, one misses an adequate comparison of Gandhi's kind of action philosophy with its rivals in the contemporary world. True, we are presented with some confrontation between Gandhi and Marx. But the real comparisons should be, surely, between Gandhi and Lenin, between Gandhi and Mao, even between Gandhi and Makhno and Zapata, men whose philosophies,

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such as they were, sprang like his out of action, and men also to whose policies of social transformation by violence his record and his philosophy still provide the only alternatives at present worth considering.

I cannot end without one curious reflection which bears on what Gandhi had in mind when he spoke of "truth." Clearly it was something far deeper and broader—and perhaps also far more ambivalent—than the factual accuracy which on at least one level we mean by truth. Was Gandhi in fact talking about that kind of truth at all? As Iyer points out, he was fond of referring to his concepts as "Euclidean models." And, Iyer goes on: " 'Euclidean' models —of the *satyagrahi*, of a society based upon *satya* and *ahimsa*, of *Rama Rajya*— are not without their value in political theory, but they must not be mistaken for definitely realizable concretions." The implication—and I think it a correct one —is that Gandhi never really expected Indians to give up caste and live morally in his terms; that he never really thought his ideal of a decentralized and anarchistic village society would come into being. These were the ever receding landmarks —the mirages if you will—by which he led his followers over the desert to the humble benefits of real-life oases. If that is so, Gandhi takes his place not with the political philosophers like Locke and Godwin but with the political mythologists like Plato and Sorel, the men who thought of the beneficial lies that would induce humanity to transcend itself. Certainly Gandhi tampered with factual and perhaps with moral truth when he tried to convince himself and others that his famous fasts were other than acts of coercion. And how many shifts away from fact does it take before *satya* ceases to be recognizably truth? One is, I suspect, on surer ground with Gandhi the politician than with Gandhi the moralist. □

Author in Search of a Myth

DEATH, SLEEP & THE TRAVELER. *By John Hawkes. New Directions. 179 pp. $6.95.*

CELIA BETSKY

Life is full of questions. People wonder about the future, scrutinize their present. Most agonizing are questions about the past. Allert Vanderveenan, the Dutch anti-hero of John Hawkes's new novel, is especially dominated by his past, both real and imagined. He—and only he—seems to understand his enigmatic present, but it is his past that plagues him and memory is the struggle to which he is forced to submit. Why, he wants to know, did his wife desert him? And "why did she wait this long to tell me that I am incapable of emotional response and that she cannot bear my nationality?" More important, "why did she refuse to join me on the white ship and so abandon me to death, sleep and the anguish of lonely travel," for as his marriage is disintegrating his wife Ursula sends him off on a cruise to parts unknown and unspecified.

Allert may not want to accept the lot to which his wife has abandoned him, but in the work of John Hawkes this lot is familiar territory, mapped out here in the title itself. Death, sleep and travel underlie most of Hawkes's stories in one guise or another and play central roles in this novel. Allert is haunted by the undignified death of his friend Peter, a psychiatrist with whom Allert shares his wife, and by the death of a young girl with whom Allert had a shipboard affair and whom he is accused and then acquitted of having murdered. Images of death pervade his frequent dreams, for in true Hawkes fashion sleep and dreams figure as tangibly in Allert's life as the world of waking. Like many an earlier Hawkes character, Allert too is a traveler. He has embarked on an unpleasurable pleasure cruise against his will, a Flying Dutchman drifting from dream to dream, from nightmare to reality, from question to question as Skipper explored the world's loneliest beaches in *Second Skin*, as the American Levey criss-crossed the ruins of postwar Germany on his motorcycle in *The Cannibal*, as cowboys roamed the badlands in *The Beetle Leg*, and the hangman scoured Italy for victims and love in *The Owl*.

Allert's voyage becomes a trip through disillusion and disgust; as he describes the geography and situation of each island the ship visits, it becomes clear that these ports are symbols for aspects of his own life. Islands and a ship compose the topography of his travels; isolation forms the framework of his life.

Allert's closest companion on the cruise is a promiscuous young woman, Ariane. This modern Ariadne is no heroine of tragedy. The thread she gives Allert is a trail of quick moments of sex with him and with others. They leave the ship only a few times. At the beginning of his journey, Allert examines an island which is his first sight of solid ground. But the place is arid and rocky, inhabited only by mangy goats hunting for grass and the memory of Ariane's mysterious smile when she tells Allert that the island is hers. Next they visit a nudist colony, the dreary embodiment of Allert's sexual fantasies and his hobby, a pornography collection. Then they go to a zoo where they gawk at a cage full of bats performing auto-fellatio. Horrified, Allert sees himself in the bats, finds the zoo "the true world of the aimless traveler" such as himself and Ariane. The bats' blind self-gratification is a good symbol of the kind of sex that Allert, his wife, his friend and the two couples in Hawkes's previous novel, *The Blood Oranges*, enjoy—or at least engage in.

Two major elements from Hawkes's earlier work are missing from this novel and the last: violence and the memory of World War II. The psychic and physical wounds of war and a brutal violence lent a kind of horrible truth to Hawkes's original surrealistic material. The horror gone, much of what seemed significant truth is gone, too—the truth about human nature reflected in a world created by a writer fascinated by the grim heritage of global holocausts.

The war being fought in Hawkes's last two novels is a sexual one. It is an ugly war, but strangely empty and mechanical; Allert's pornography collection is boring, even to him. Hawkes writes not about love but about sex. People who don't experience love have little understanding of human beings; Allert realizes about his wife that he had "known her in every way and yet not at all." He regrets the failure of his marriage, but no one else can. It wasn't a marriage. Allert cares more about Peter's feelings for his wife and his ideas about Peter than he does about Ursula.

Allert and Hawkes have an even more intense relationship with another area of human experience—the landscape of dreams and nightmares that seems more real than the vague home Allert inhabits during his marriage, or the floating opera in which he acts on board the ship. Hawkes likes to explore the strange land between waking and sleeping, and this habit gives a surrealistic twist to even so prosaic a story as *Death, Sleep & the Traveler*. To Allert, the world is a "stage," and

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VESPERS

Dusk comes to a Mexican church
Slowly, like shame creeping
Into a mother's heart.
Darkness perched everywhere
Save for the circled glow
Of a candle. Women kneel
Scattering sins
About the dark heavy pews.

They mumble prayers,
Their stiff fingers snap
At small wooden beads.

Ricardo da Silveira Lobo Sternberg

he "dreams rather than lives" his life. In dreams as in life he is an incurable *voyeur* and, according to Ursula, he is afraid of life itself.

Through Allert's dreaming mind, Hawkes takes us where we've been with him before: funeral processions and coffins, death and decay, a violent struggle to re-enter the womb, memories of a childhood confused by a conflict of sexual identity. Allert escapes into dreams and Hawkes runs right along with him, a copy of Freud clutched under his arm. Allert spends as much time dreaming his fantastic dreams as he does leading his pointless life. Hawkes spends as much time describing these dreams as he does fleshing out his sketchy characters. Dreams explain and come out of daily life; Hawkes becomes so involved in thinking up dreams for his hero that he forgets to give anyone the life that inspires them.

Is Allert mad? The world of Hawkes's fiction certainly does not preclude this possibility. "I am," "I did," "the reason was," Allert seems to say often enough, but his matter-of-fact descriptions are never quite believable. In a discussion he has with Peter the themes of death, sleep and travel merge into an analysis of madness that does not lie far from Allert's later predicament. The two men are talking about a form of therapy so dangerous that it was eventually discontinued at Peter's clinic. He explains:

> . . . by subjecting the patient to deeper and deeper states of coma we brought him increasingly close to death's door. . . . the patient was traveling inside himself and in a kind of sexual agony was sinking into the depths of psychic darkness, drowning in the sea of the self, submerging into the long slow chaos of the dreamer on the edge of extinction. . . . The greater the agony with which he approached oblivion, then the greater and more profound and more joyous his recovery. . . . The only trouble was the possibility of the patient's death. On the other hand, coma and myth are inseparable. True myth can only be experienced in the coma. Perhaps such an experience is worth the necessary risk of death."

Hawkes sending Allert on his voyage is an author in search of a myth. Although he does not succeed in finding a resonant myth, his excursion into questions of insanity raises welcome echoes of the surrealism that characterized his earlier work.

More than twenty years ago Albert J. Guerard praised the surrealistic qualities in Hawkes's writing, but predicted that Hawkes would change from a surrealistic to a realistic writer. Sadly, Guerard was right. Despite details and careful descriptions, Hawkes's new realism is not real. In his earlier work people were grotesque types who lived in an anti-realistic world, but they were interesting and unique. Now Hawkes writes about such things as human emotions and psychological motivations, yet his people remain flat, his style heartless. Cyril in *The Blood Oranges* and Allert in the current novel are large, very fat men, as though Hawkes had to compensate with physical size for what these men lack in substance.

Hawkes does not have the support of a literary tradition, or, one suspects, a personal heritage colorful or varied enough to strengthen the kind of ordinary material with which he deals in *Death, Sleep & the Traveler.* He makes Allert a Dutchman, because without that foreignness he might be too dull a figure—but he cares so little about the authenticity of Allert's Dutchness that he gives him a last name that could never exist in Holland. John Hawkes has proved himself capable before of creating his own literary tradition, a surrealistic style that made his earlier books very special works of American art. It was a pity to see him forsake that talent in *The Blood Oranges* and now in this latest novel. It is disappointing to watch Dali turn into Daphne du Maurier, to watch a good writer handle his material in a new way that makes us wish for the old. □

Lively Syndicate of Modernism

CHARMED CIRCLE: Gertrude Stein & Company. *By James R. Mellow. Praeger Publishers. 576 pp. $12.95.*

STAYING ON ALONE: Letters of Alice B. Toklas. *Edited by Edward Burns. Liveright. 426 pp. $11.95.*

REFLECTION ON THE ATOMIC BOMB: Volume I of the Previously Uncollected Writings of Gertrude Stein. *Edited by Robert Bartlett Haas. Black Sparrow Press. 164 pp. $10. Paper $4.*

HARRIET ZINNES

James R. Mellow, in his engagingly inclusive *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein & Company*, notes that when the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* appeared in 1933, Edmund Wilson in *The New Republic* praised "its wisdom, its distinction, and its charm," and William Troy in this magazine seriously placed her within "*the* American tradition," which he defined as having an "orientation from experience toward the abstract," and including James, Poe, Hawthorne and Melville. Wilson and Troy were among the first critics to deal seriously with the work of Gertrude Stein, to overcome what seems to be a disease even today among reviewers—namely, the treating of Stein as a kind of bizarre character out of an international salon rather than as a major American writer.

Mellow's book should dispel the idea that Gertrude Stein was only an eccentric personality. Her attraction to genius was equaled only by the attraction of genius toward her. It was not for nothing that F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to Stein after her visit to the Fitzgeralds in Baltimore during her triumphant American tour in 1934 that

> . . . I enjoyed the one idea that you *did* develop and, like everything else you say, it will sing in my ears. . . . You were the same fine fire to everyone who sat upon your hearth. . . .

Nor is it for nothing that Picasso, standing with Gertrude Stein on a street corner in Paris after the beginning of World War I, and watching, as Mellow reports it, a "procession of camouflaged lorries passing, the sides of vans disguised by blotches of gray and green paint," cried out in amazement, *"C'est nous qui avons fait ça."* It is *we*, Picasso said, who created that. Substitute linguistic for painterly values and composition and one has Stein's verbal creations too—Stein's lasting literary accomplishments.

Readers of Stein's or Toklas' autobiographies, Hemingway's *Moveable*

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Feast, reminiscences of art dealers, such as Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler or Ambroise Vollard, of W.G. Rogers, of Fernande Olivier, etc., will come upon familiar stories in the Mellow book, but they all bear repetition, and organized as they are into that lively syndicate of modernism, Gertrude Stein & Company, they are alive once more, with gossip—and, because of the warm detachment of Mellow, with generosity. Even Hemingway isn't made more "yellow" than Gertrude Stein thought he was, and then there are Sherwood Anderson, the genius of Picasso throughout, the volubility and final withering away of the brother, art collector, painter, neurasthenic, Leo Stein, the sweetness of Fitzgerald, the respectability of Matisse, and among many others, the "village explainer" Ezra Pound, whom Stein, to put it mildly, disliked. This dislike is beautifully conveyed in a letter of Alice Toklas that appears in *Staying on Alone*.

> Someone sent me an uninteresting —illustrated book called *The Jazz Age*. On looking through the illustrations I found to my horror one of Gertrude *en face* one of Ezra Pound. . . .

There are the giants and the lesser lights too of the modern era in all their arrogance, sensitivity and even mildness. Edith Sitwell appears, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Cocteau, Picabia, Dali, of course Marie Laurencin and Apollinaire, Rousseau and a description of his famous banquet, and Virgil Thomson, Carl Van Vechten, James Laughlin, the American G.I.s, Basket (the French poodle), who naturally figures in Alice's *Letters* as well, Marsden Hartley, Ford Madox Ford, the French poet Georges Hugnet—and of course early in the biography, during the very beginning of the revolution in the art world through the purchase by the Steins of Cézannes, Picassos, Braques, gaping or aloof (such as T.S. Eliot a bit later) visitors from both sides of the Atlantic to 27 rue de Fleurus that would soon be the home of Stein and Toklas together, and one of the great salons of all time.

If Mellow is able to depict the jealousies among artists, such as that of Matisse and Picasso, or among writers, such as Stein's resentment of Joyce, or that of Toklas toward Hemingway (because as the world knows the author of *The Sun Also Rises* not only acknowledged his literary indebtedness to Stein but also his physical attraction toward her), he is less keen on depicting the nuances of the work of Stein—who, to the discomfort of her audience then and now, called attention frequently to her belief in her own genius—of her masterly prose, of her creation of the "third great novel" of the century, *The Making of Americans*; the other two, she conceded, being *Ulysses* and *Remembrance of Things Past*.

But Mellow's intention is not criticism but biography, and anyway as Stein once said, "Nobody needs criticism, only appreciation." Yet Mellow makes interesting observations about the relation of Stein's objective style to the New Novelists of France, and, as an art critic, is superb on the relation of Stein's writing to painting. I like especially his analysis of her lecture "Pictures" delivered before an audience at the Museum of Modern Art. Mellow interprets her awareness of the problem of "the frame," that is, that "modern pictures have made the very definite effort to leave their frame," as anticipating the Jackson Pollock problem and that of American Abstract Expressionists in general, a decade later, who broke away from the limits of the easel picture and its framed experience and painted huge canvases to suggest an indefinite extension beyond the frame of pictorial events. I like too Mellow's suggestion that Picabia and the Stieglitz group (and earlier, Marsden Hartley) had been influenced by Stein's word-portraits to produce his object-portraits.

In *Reflection on the Atomic Bomb*, effectively edited by Robert Bartlett Haas, several of these word-portraits appear. In a portrait of the English painter Sir Francis Rose, Stein includes the following remark that in a way sums up her own portrait procedures:

> In a little picture which he has just sent me which is a going on of what he has known of himself he has commenced to know that the inside is outside and that the outside is inside and that that is true of what he is to paint.

Haas's volume, I must say, is, after his own *A Primer for the Gradual Understanding of Gertrude Stein* (also published by Black Sparrow), a good place to begin to get a quick feeling for Stein. Her radical sense of the "continuous present," the result of her Harvard studies with William James, and her revolutionary intuitive awareness of the new emphasis on a space-time continuum, her plotless, anti-linear narrative, with the internalizing of the writer's voice, are major innovations that are well exemplified in this brief collection.

The last selection here, and in fact, the last written work of Stein, is in her more public style. Called "Reflection on the Atomic Bomb," it was published after her death in the December 1947 issue of the *Yale Poetry Review*. What is significant about it is hardly its politics because, as Stein herself realized, about politics she was "most generally wrong." Yet her very minimizing of the effect of the bomb is political. Taking an almost mathematical point of view, she writes, "Sure it will destroy a lot and kill a lot, but it's the living that are interesting not the way of killing them, because if there were not a lot left living how could there be any interest in destruction." Stein was always interested in the intense moment, in life, not death, though she felt strongly that "identity worries me, and memory and eternity," so that often in a rather peasant way (and I think of her verbal cunning, her paradoxes as peasantlike, and this is strange for an elitist in art and literature, but not strange for a conservative in politics), she draws conclusions that are politically cruel, such as her casualness concerning the effects of the depression, her romantic theory about Hitler, and her early acceptance of Pétain (Picasso once called her a "Fascist"). Yet she lived under the occupation—at one point was saved from the concentration camp through the ingenious, and typically French, logic of her town's mayor. Stein was loved by the ordinary American soldiers, she loved talking to all kinds of people, and most people felt that she was truly the "mother of us all."

Though her expressed politics could be shockingly anti-liberal, her aesthetics, strangely enough, placed her in the liberal camp. Nothing was more important as a nutrient to her art than daily existence. She was always interested in the small matters of marketing, personal relationships, family loyalties and squabbles, shopwindows, the manners of peasant or duke. She hated pretension whether in art or daily living, and because of her ruthless clarity, she somehow acted as a true democrat.

Perhaps Alice Toklas, who lived on in "widowhood," acting like a true "lady," as Virgil Thomson recently suggested in a review of her letters in the *New York Review of Books*, though a San Franciscan lady, perhaps it was Toklas who was the more outrageously undemocratic. She lived on for twenty years after the death of Stein in 1946, and though her thirty-eight years with Stein as companion, cook, entertainer of all those wives of geniuses in the rue de Fleurus may have implied a self-effacing, dependent woman, her letters reveal her wicked wit, her sharp and agile tongue, and a dignity and independence that occasionally must have shot through the salon like a living fire. The letters of *Staying on Alone* are lively. They are not only gossipy but reveal a woman whose intelligence and knowledge of art and literature,

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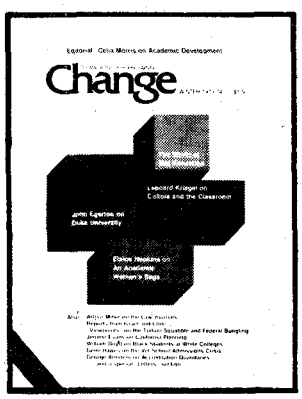
WILL YOU SURVIVE AMERICA'S OTHER ENERGY CRISIS?

If you think there's just one energy crisis, you're dead wrong. America may live on fossil fuels, but—in the long run—there are other energies which, if not preserved, will put you and this nation at high risk. Such as cerebral energies, and our ability to prepare our youth for a future still largely unknown. If you care about these larger questions of cultural sanity and educational survival, you will find the regular reading of *Change* an eye-opener.



James Reston recently said that "in our national life, we probably have time to deal with most of our problems....At least, the question of military defense for the future is being discussed and debated. Not so the question of education. The balance of power is an active and urgent question in Washington. The balance of minds, the need for an educational defense in the future, is what is being neglected."

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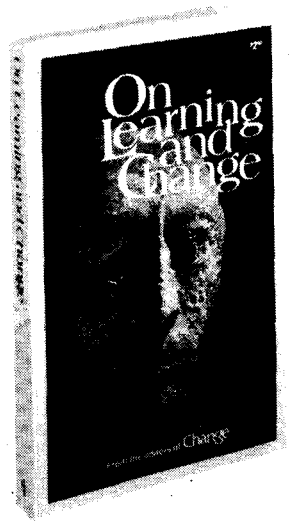

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whose charm on her own account, wooed the old friends of Stein to her door and brought new friends to her. Stein, perhaps, was more the dependent one, as Hemingway discloses when he describes in the *Moveable Feast*, out of deep personal hostility, a lurid scene between the two women. Mellow gives an account of another episode that also shows Stein's dependence, almost a pathetic dependence, on Toklas. When the young writer Bravig Ihms was walking with Stein through some picturesque ruins, Stein, noticing the approaching darkness, said, "We must be getting back to Alice. If I'm away from her long I get low in my mind." To some visitors to the Stein ménage, Toklas had a bit of the witch in her, as she knitted quietly, jealously guarding her prey. But in these letters Toklas reveals herself as a determined woman, sometimes even a bit coy and gushing, one who at all costs worked to publish all of Stein's unpublished works, to preserve the art collection, and to encourage the growth of her "lovey's" literary fame. Toklas became a convert to Catholicism to assure herself another sight of Gertrude in heaven, but Gertrude, who thought a god might be necessary but an afterlife impossible, in this one instance remained the Jew that she rarely felt herself to be. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

Brasilia is the city that gave an adjective to architecture. "Brazilinoid," architects say, and the image of showy forms springs to mind: arches without end, curves as extravagant as sculpture, saucers both right side up and tipped. Brazilinoid is obviously not a flattering or full word, the way Parisian or Venetian or Roman are. Perhaps the limitations of the description, like the limitations of the city, spring from its exclusively architectural source. The new capital began as a pictorial phenomenon; its visual outlines predicted nothing of human function or landscape pattern. It said little of character or style of life. And that, as you might guess, still describes the condition of the controversial city cut out of the interior of Brazil.

It is now thirteen years since the government moved itself 600 miles inland from Rio de Janeiro, that spectacular city of beach and mountain; sixteen or seventeen years since the utopian outlines of the new capital were first drawn by planner Lucio Costa and filled in by architect Oscar Niemeyer. April marked two decades since the site selection began. Grass is growing where bulldozers carved the flat red plateau into mud; trees line a road network that embodies the dreams of highwaymen for a transit system without stop lights or exchanges or pauses for pedestrians. (Would they be pleased to see the schoolchildren scamper across like frenetic chickens?) The highway system hinges to the even more visionary 3,350-mile Trans-Amazon network now under construction: that feat—chopping a possible road through the once-endless forest—is today's parallel to the wonder of dropping a city of 500,000 into the empty heartland of the country.

Brasilia's architecture personifies the grand gesture as dictated by the best wisdom of the 1950s. Its designers' vision—the budget was assumed, and it almost broke the country—called for a monumental axis; for a pristine geometry; for buildings of heroic pomp; for a closed and perfect plan; for an automotive and open landscape; in short, for a noble symbol of Brazil's manifest destiny to cross the subcontinent. Costa fixed his overall form for all time in the shape of an outstretched airplane; Niemeyer planted his ambitious monuments of unchanging symmetry and order and his stolid super-blocks like taproots securing the empty soil of the new capital to the tree of the Modern movement. Flux and addition had no place in the architecture of a land adding 2 million souls a year to its population. Brasilia is edging past 800,000.

Malraux called Brasilia the first city of the 21st century and architects have called it many things since: from "totalitarian" (Latin American architect-writer Francisco Bullrich) to a "thriving metropolis of 800,000 persons in half a dozen communities . . . a model new community by U.S. design standards" (American Institute of Planners' Newsletter, February 1973); from "bombastic expressionism and sterile rationalism" (critic Charles Jencks) to winner of the Calouste Gulbenkian award, given recently by the Academy of the Latin World in Paris.

Above all, Brasilia is the architects' textbook city: within only the last six months, publishers have provided an anthropologist's study of the squatter hovels that sprang up beside the pure and perfect forms (*Brasilia: Plan and Reality* by David G. Epstein, University of California Press) and an architectural historian's analysis of Brasilia as an "act of daring" and a deviation from the culture of the urban/carioca complex of Rio (*Two Brazilian Capitals* by Norma Evenson, Yale University Press). There is almost as much architectural contemplation—though often second hand from photographs—as there has been economic speculation on Brazil as "the new Japan."

When one should judge Brasilia has often seemed as pertinent as *how*. One school asks for time, reminding that it took fifty years to build the Parthenon. "Come see Brasilia in thirty years," a young airline clerk tells us. The building of embassies and housing continues; Brasilia is a city in its infancy. If the closest parallel is to Washington, D.C., one must at least admit that no Dolly Madison will muddy her skirts here. (Like its 19th-century American prototype, however, the Brazilian butterfly will pine and flee to the more lively coast on weekends.) A second school comes to Brasilia's defense on the grounds of the rapidity of design and execution, a scant three years before the move. Speed was essential, lest Brasilia, like so many other public works projects here, die with the departure of its political sponsor.

If supporters say Brasilia is a city for the future, critics read it as a clue to the architecture goals of the past. "Decanting, overspilling, escape" were the jargon words of designers two decades ago, and Brasilia is a clear case of overcompensation. Space is plentiful, overplentiful. There is no intimacy or urbanity even in the intermittent shopping areas.

It is hard to decide which is the more arid and empty environment—the living quarters or the government structures. Niemeyer's ministries parade like spooky free-standing dominoes down the so-called mall. His Congress and Secretariat towers punctuate the end of a vista in a modern mimic of the Beaux Arts formula. It is an eerie specter. The tower in the park—Le Corbusier in the Third World—is the reigning mentality of a total place and it is dreary in the extreme. There is so little place to walk, shop, amuse oneself. The super-blocks of housing, boxes of numbing regularity, are sequestered from business; banks are isolated from shops; officialdom from commerce; the people from their entertainment; rich from poor; church from city; shopping from school. It is the ultimate segregated city. A model of zoning's potential for detaching life from the living. The quintessential New Town blues, as the English and Swedish suburbanites have learned them, are played here in this clean new center.

Brasilia cannot be viewed in the past tense entirely. The new capital is a

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model of global architecture and one can no more dismiss it as a leftover tirade of the 1950s than reject the high rise of U.S. cities and towns simply because it is an anachronism. There they stand: Canberra in Australia, Islamabad in Pakistan and Chandigahr in India—all were evoked as symbolic and social manifestoes. Like Brazil, their governments did not skimp on the showcase architecture. In each case, they aimed to unjam coastal cities by creating an image and centerpiece inland; in each case, they called in an architect extraordinaire. There was Le Corbusier in Chandigahr, Louis Kahn in Islamabad, and a young but talented native son, John Andrews, now at work in Canberra. The list of start-from-scratch cities is long. Developing nations still dedicate themselves to driving the world's city lovers from the straining urban magnets. To counter the trend of the times, they would shift populations from the old city to a newer town: from Manila to Quezon, from Cairo to Nasser City, from Haifa to Carmel. Only a year ago, Argentina's new party pledged to relocate the federal capital on a new site in the interior. Brasilia reborn.

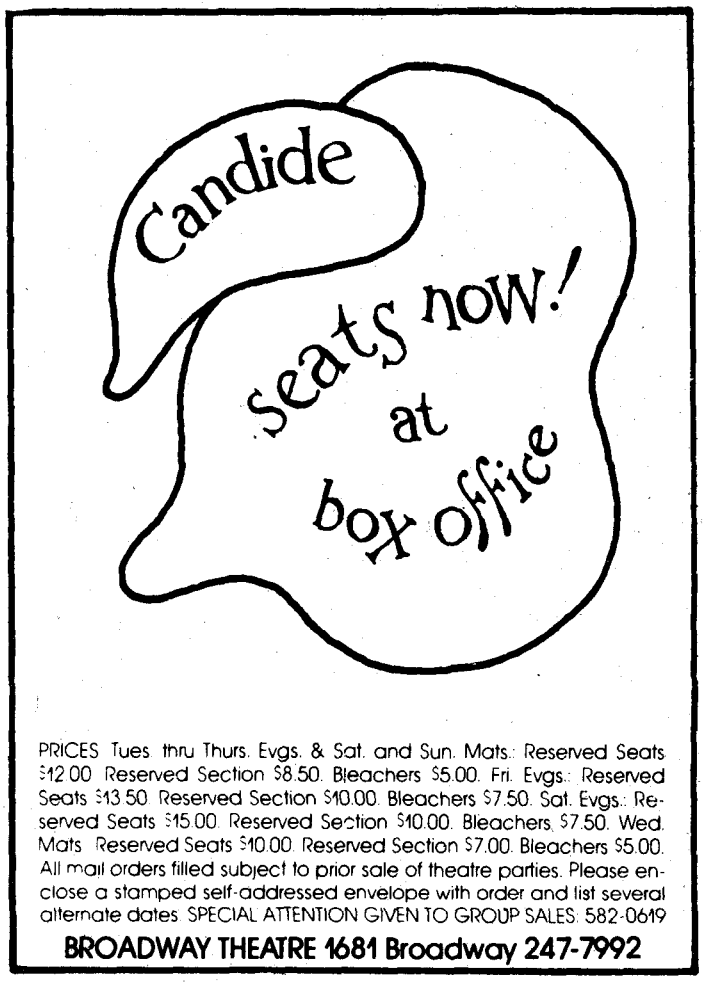
In their view, good architecture will help draw the crowds and ease the adjustment. It is a lot to ask, but the United States has asked it too. What is Nelson Rockefeller's billion-dollar Albany albatross but a Harrison and Abramovitz replica of Brasilia? With its slab office buildings, its open lawns laced by straight roads, its barren anti-urban spaces, Albany too is the 1950s version of the Baroque city plan. The cross axis of Albany does not emulate the wings of a plane. There are no Corbusian gangplanks sloping upward, as in Brasilia. But lifeless forms and voids are common characteristics. So are other conditions: the inflationary spiral of construction, the lack of human or social input in plans.

Dullness notwithstanding, Brasilia is not an unpleasant day tour for architecture buffs. Forsake any notion of foot travel. Put aside the dramatic camera angles by which the media have placed the capital in a human framework. And do not think to relate to the cosmic dimensions. (As Bullrich notes, "To get an idea of the monumental scale employed, one should realize that this eastern section of the civic axis is 2,000 meters long, almost the distance between the Place de la Concorde and the Etoile in Paris, and half the length of New York's Central Park.")

Then one can freely absorb a pageant of two decades' worth of structures—call them audacious or capricious—and take advantage of the perfect chance to judge the Thesis of the Clean Sweep City. What could the country which seemed the center of architectural promise in the 1930s and 1940s do on a deserted plain? Here is the answer.

It rained our day there; a rarity, we were told. Under clear skies, there must be still finer views than the ones we admired: pools of water reflecting the columns of the Palace of Justice; green lawn next to white building beneath blue sky; grouped sculptures like "The Warriors" on the vast plaza; moats, arcades, vistas of classical poise and elegance. They are all there, if one positions oneself properly. Niemeyer's architecture, image-conscious and overdecorative, can seem venturesome when one recalls how his curving forms deviated from the boxy puritanism of the day. Right now is the least favorable time to judge the earliest work. The gestures of his romantic fantasy tend to look like some Main Street banker's aspiration to aristocracy—a cross between Morris Lapidus' Miami and Edward Durrell Stone at Columbus Circle. Yet the government appears dedicated to maintaining its more splendid moments. On one lawn, a friend watched a half-dozen laborers at work weeding until the rain came. (Another visitor who moved off the beaten path claims that other buildings are ill-kempt and deliberately injured to undermine Niemeyer. If true, that is a mind-boggling irony; imagine a subversion of Brasilia's *capitalistic* splendors of the *Communist* Niemeyer—in the name of *capitalism*!)

Niemeyer is unquestionably the patron-designer of Brazil. How great an architect and form maker is another question. The sprawling capital certainly accentuates the more vapid elements in a way that Rio's urban, closed fabric does not. Yet Niemeyer's more recent university has a muscularity and boldness and a size to overcome the Di Chirico setting. As pure sculpture, his fluid forms are probably the best of the unfashionable mode, better than Breuer or any other latter-day tooler of shape. He has always been a virtuoso draftsman. Niemeyer's new cathedral, a handsome and substantial structure shaped like a crown of thorns, is as fine an exterior as church architects have lately produced. (Alas for the interior, the roof leaked on our visit.) The marble altar area, with seats for a few dozen of the elderly out of hundreds of Sunday churchgoers, looked forlorn in its sea of white. Still, compared to the



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new church built at popular request by architect Joaquin Ferreyra—all Sunset Strip-styling and midnight-Hollywood glass and glitter—the hyperbolic forms of Niemeyer look calm.

The richness of some interiors was the chief surprise of our visit. The grand gestures of the exterior are known, but the extraordinary splendor of the interiors are not familiar. Suddenly, there they were: marble and other materials of an Arabian Night luxury. The senate and congress boast chambers of luminous darkness, as dim and lush as a night club. They have a jewel-like look beyond the luxurious almost sibilant thickness of gray rugs that sweep from underfoot up the sides of the walls. Airless in a way, their quality of cave is enhanced by the radiance of the dazzling domed ceiling of lights. Outside the marble halls; inside the elegance of an incomparable seat of government; one thinks of theatre. Even the gray business suits of the senators seem picked to match the décor. It is a weird opulence for a representative body that is virtually impotent in this military dictatorship. The lavish form, the impoverished function, what has such an extravaganza of architecture to do with Brazil? Or with any working bureaucracy, for that matter? What, indeed, has this Architecture of the Gorgeous—velvety lime rugs, granite floors, a glass cage wall where birds flutter among hothouse greenery, a cocktail lounge closed to those without ties (male) or skirts (female)—what meaning has this in our century, much less the 21st? Architecture and environment, design and policies spring each from the other. Not here. Throughout Brasilia, art and reality are out of joint. There is no match at all between this elegance and the true order of Brazil's life. In the end, one's view of the architecture is irrevocably colored by the vivid contrasts between form and function.

Norma Evenson's perceptive *Two Brazilian Capitals* finds a telling irony in the contrasts. "In a sense," she notes, "the lightly framed pavilions of the ceremonial complex may not be altogether inappropriate as symbols of Brazilian governmental institutions. If, as a Brazilian scholar observes, 'Brazil has no organic political structure, no political institutions which are characteristically Brazilian,'" and if, as she notes, they are not partisan-minded or even public-minded, then, "it is possible to see in Niemeyer's buildings a certain unconscious evocation of the very insecurity and shallowness of Brazilian political institutions."

The gap between the government's lavish public architecture and the abject poverty is symbolized for most observers by the *favelas*, the squatter housing scrapped together by the workers who built Brasilia. A landmark throughout Latin America, such *favelas* give the lie to the perfectibility of the capital plan, the sharing of all in Brazil's new city, and any match between the architecture of public posture and the architecture of the true public. These satellite clusters, observed by all, prey upon Niemeyer, a self-willed exile since the opening of the capital and Kubitschek's departure. Niemeyer, who has just moved back to Rio, the city of his boyhood, is a man of brooding appearance, cordial enough, with dark rings under his eyes and shaggy brows above; cast, it seems, in the role of the international sophisticate: the designer as Bogart or Montand. In a country denied freedom of the press, Niemeyer remains as outspoken to the visiting U.S. journalist as he was when receiving the Lenin Peace Prize a dozen years ago in Brasilia. Even then it was apparent that the workers who built the city in a fine flourish of community feeling would not share in the fruits of their labor. "When Brasilia was finished," he says in halting English, "it was like a big wall because the workers have nothing."

Niemeyer, best known in the United States for his work on the United Nations, has populated the world with forms akin to Brasilia's: in Paris, his sometime residence, in Italy, and across the Third World's less developed landscapes. Nowhere do his designs so fit the spirit and technology as in his own country. A nation that depends on concrete for its architecture and possesses a large and unskilled labor force can best execute an architecture whose strength is in its engineered span, its sweeping pose, its overall sculpture rather than the detail, fit and niceties requiring master craftsmanship.

At the same time, this exuberant gesture is what gives a World's Fair aspect to so much of the capital—from the lofty pyramid of the little used new national theatre, to the artificial lake which has become the suburbanized setting for the wealthy. Like an Expo, the star structures are on display, the grounds remain flat and ready for the day of the crowds—and for the day after when the bulldozers arrive to wipe out the Tent City. The eclectic new embassies designed by other architects accentuate the fair grounds element. "Ah, yes," the viewer says moving along the segregated street of embassies, "there is Denmark (pitched roof), Finland (blue tiles), Holland (cantilevered construction), Japan (cubistic white), Peru (attractive neo-Victorian irregularity)." One by one, like sculptures at an exhibition, each country, each architect displays his private unrelated vision as individual *tour de force*.

The here today, gone tomorrow quality of it all seems not to bother Niemeyer. Brasilia's way is the way favored by the old-style, untrammeled artist: the land of the white canvas—unscarred by the past. "Because of having worked extensively in Brazil, I feel rather worried about the difficulties confronting my European colleagues," Niemeyer told *Architecture Aujourd'hui* in a winter cover story. "Year after year, rules and regulations accumulate that limit their creative possibilities." No, there was no limit—no human bounds or condition—on the "creative possibilities" of the form makers of Brasilia. Costa could sketch his super-symbol; Niemeyer could free-wheel his exuberant pen. Improvisation and imagination were for the artists, not the inhabitants. As a result, two decades after the dramatic gesture of the new capital was made, the lesson for at least two more decades is clear. At this reading, it is obvious that too much initial artistic freedom has been, if not a dangerous thing, a stupefyingly dull and sterile one. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

My Sister, My Sister by Ray Aranha is an absorbing play (The Little Theatre, 240 West 44th St.). Ever since *A Raisin in the Sun* was first produced in 1959, those who were not conscious of it before began to realize that the most striking development in the American theatre was the emergence of a group of black playwrights who were giving forceful and eloquent expression to the life of their community.

It was natural that most of their plays would dramatize the indignation and rebelliousness of the blacks in "white America." But though it was natural, one came to wish that these playwrights would turn their sights on the inner life of blacks among themselves, on their relationship with one another.

My Sister, My Sister is such a play. It bears the stamp of truth, with implications beyond its local or ethnic setting. It is a drama of family life in the South during the late 1950s, involving poor people whose sufferings are only indirectly related to their blackness. The play is chiefly focused on Sue Belle, an adolescent girl (we first see her as a child of 6) whose mother is obsessed by an old-time "holy roller" type of

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GUIDE

Through the wall, banjo and guitar.
Not even a party, a couple with
Wire to their fingers, picking through
Their way to bedtime. Put them down.
Rest them to hum against the wall.
They shine as if there were something to them,
Out on the lawn they bring the sun
Closer, they never bother moonlight,
And in rooms, tune life. Sounds good. But
They are quicksand, stinging pitch, a string
Alone, to them, is the only thing,
The clarity kisses lack.
Pick-sound, music, back.

James McKee Rawley

religiosity as a protection against all the blight of the ghetto. Mama is deeply loving, but from her fear of the temptations of the environment, also constantly censorious. This severity had been directed against her husband, who drank not only because of the harshness of his life as a laborer among the whites but because of his wife's joyless fight against the surrounding sinfulness. But before we learn that he has left his home, we see both mother and father entirely devoted to Sue Belle and unintentionally neglecting Sue Belle's older sister, Evalina. Evalina's bitterness at her isolation in the household turns her into a hell-raiser and then a whore. Jealousy of Sue Belle leads Evalina to insist that Sue Belle follow her example in loose living—and to an extent, Evalina succeeds.

Much of the play is concentrated on Sue Belle's tormented struggle with the conflicting currents besetting her. She loves Evalina, but is steadily repelled by the older girl's resentment. Sue Belle is overattached to her father and, after he has abandoned the family, wholly dependent on her mother. She has visions of the Jesus her mother is forever invoking as a symbol of goodness and she is haunted by "specters" who are images in her mind of her mother's religious brethren. When Sue Belle at 16 finds a sincere lover, Eddie, her relation with him is troubled because she associates him with her now absent father. She assails him because he is apparently not strong enough to extricate her from the morass that all the divergent pulls and drives of her condition create.

The play is dense in matter and complex in structure; therefore, occasionally obscure. Sue Belle is pictured at the ages of 6, 12 and 16. We don't quite understand why she never goes to school or into the street—except that both must be horrid. Her lover, Eddie, becomes her father—played by the same actor—and reverts to his role as Eddie within the same scene. Past memories mingle with present moments. But there is no trickery in this: the method employed is essential to the psychological synthesis which the author develops; and this in turn communicates a sense of the close and hectic world within which all the characters live. Their humiliations, their strivings, their love, the occasional flashes of self-hate (on account of their fate as blacks) give the play a rich texture astir with passion and at moments with charm.

There is something special and strong in black acting (even when it is crude) which I sometimes suspect only black audiences fully appreciate. There is in it an excitement, a heat, a power, a mockery, a frenzy in pleasure and pain which are different from and exceed anything whites are accustomed to or judge by. Its fresh vigor is wholly salutary for all of us.

The present production owes its strength to the pure sensibility of Seret Scott—in turn sweet, tough, adoring and shattered—in the enormously difficult role of Sue Belle, as well as to the ringing bursts of exaltation in Barbara Montgomery as Mama, and to the feverish intensity of David Downing as both Eddie and the remembered father. Jessie Saunders manages to be funny and frightening, pathetic and depraved as Evalina at various ages. In speaking of the three actresses just mentioned, I touch on another aspect of the play's merits: it contains an awareness of and a feeling for women that is rare among male playwrights.

The seeming contradiction in my review of Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers* last week may require further elucidation. I called it "an exceptional and superior entertainment," while also saying that I could not take Stoppard seriously as an important dramatist. *Jumpers* is superior by virtue of felicitous wit and its cleverness in making bright stage fare of its ideological content. But it fails to turn its material into true drama; its point or "thesis" is not revealed through action: it is only *stated*. There is no basic confrontation, conflict or delineation of real characters. What keeps the show going, apart from the amusing "mask" of the author's spokesman and his brilliant verbiage, is mere window dressing: acrobatics, pastiche mystery melodrama and dollops of nudity.

The intellectual substance of the play hardly ever challenges one's mind, nor is it made emotionally penetrating. What, in sum, does the play tell us? As against the so-called "radical-liberals" of Stoppard's invention we are told that God exists. *"Cogito, ergo Deus est,"* Stoppard's professor says. I am pleased that he takes this positive position at a time when most drama and literature are hell-bent on negation. But to assert rather than to make manifest God's existence

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is to go no further than does any sensible humanist, not specifically a "believer." There is more of God in the tragicomedies of Chekhov, in the murk of Gorky's *Lower Depths*, even in Beckett's bleak despair or in Shaw's cheerfulness than in all Stoppard's literary exercises.

I might also ask what a faith in God's existence makes us do, know or experience that any good person cannot do, know or experience without such faith. What does Stoppard's moral philosopher, George Moore, tell us has happened to him or will happen to us—what change is wrought in him or us—as a result of his recognition of God's being? Or perhaps *Jumpers* is only another bit of Stoppard's irony, meant to show the absurdity of trying to prove God's existence.

I do not pose these questions to suggets any philosophic antagonism to Stoppard's views and certainly not from any "liberal-radical" bias against a belief in God. I am bringing up a matter of theatre criticism and theatre critics. They write chiefly about effects—of laughter, thrills, fine language, prettiness, etc., etc.—with very little reference to the roots, causes, intents and consequences of these effects. If a play is presumed to have a genuine intellectual import, then one would suppose that intellectual discussion—expository, corrective, adverse or supportive—was called for. But that is usually considered outside the province of theatre criticism, which is what makes so much of our criticism and our theatregoing provincial and fruitless. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Before it opened, I wrote about "Woman's Work: American Art 1974" at the Museum of the Civic Center in Philadelphia (*The Nation*, April 20). The reason for haste was that a large drawing by one of the invited artists had been rejected by the director, who thought the work obscene. Despite complaints and general restlessness, the remaining artists seem to have concluded that it was in the general interest to let the show proceed without a series of damaging withdrawals. The exhibition, minus the censored drawing, is now open and scheduled to run until May 26. It contains twenty-seven fewer artists than did "Women Choose Women" at the New York Cultural Center last year, but most of the eighty-one artists in Philadelphia are represented by two works, often large ones, which make the show a consequential occasion in the accelerating study of women's art.

The layout of the museum is very awkward but the works resist the space because each artist's pair is kept together, so that there is almost always a supportive painting or sculpture next to the one at which you are looking. This means that you can check your impressions against relevant work. The major incongruities of mixed shows, in which artists appear in competitive isolation, are thus avoided. The panorama of doubled-up paintings and sculpture is a convincing cross section of current styles. It is clear that women artists are able across the board, from Abstract to Realist forms.

To confine myself to one area in the spectrum of styles I would instance the use of all-over repetitive forms by Abstract painters. Arlene Slavin uses a regular diamond grid which keeps expanding under the pressure of color to admit larger units. Joyce Kozloff's mesh of small forms now carries a multitudinous array of rich colors. Howardina Pindell's Danae-like showers of color-points animate the large surface softly and irresistibly. With Perle Fine the grid is kept in a strict repetitive form, without the coloristic amplification of the others. My point is not that all-over form is a feminine characteristic (it has been suggested as one), but that it is every bit as well used here as by male artists working in the same way. It is a didactic point worth making at this time in the still contested study of women's art. The next question, after the assumption of competence and control, has to do with the problem: is there a specific feminine trait, or set of traits, to be detected?

Women artists and critics are divided as to whether there is a unifying factor and if so what it is. The fact is that the matter, a subtle one, is being argued more in terms of short-term propaganda than of speculation and investigation. To answer the question one needs more verifiable research than has yet been published, though that does not mean that work is not going ahead on it. One difficulty is that most proposals for an aesthetic of intrinsic feminine characteristics rest on too narrow a range of work and on too few examples. It is only in the last few years, literally in the 1970s, that women's art has been available in a quantity that makes possible comparisons between one woman and another and with male artists. Thus we are only just beginning to be in a position to see what the relevant data look like.

Women-based art exhibitions are resisted or dismissed by women who feel secure in their present roles within the art world, including many whose careers peaked before 1970. Nevertheless there is a backlog of women artists whose identity is now being made public by such shows. In addition to this function, women's group shows are important in another way. They propose a nonstylistic basis for group action by artists: a social and/or reformist impulse takes the place of stylistic differentiation. Whether or not there are inherent sexual traces in art, a good deal of women's art is the result of a conscious attempt to formulate an iconography adequate to their social and biological roles at just those points at which it differs from male experience. The description of female artists' iconography is certainly a rich area, one to be added to the beginning research on male artists' iconography of women.

One of the jurors of "Woman's Work," Cindy Nemser, arranged another exhibition concurrently—"In Her Own Image" at the Samuel S. Fleischer Art Memorial in Philadelphia. (The center section of the Spring issue of *The Feminist Art Journal* serves as a catalogue, with reproductions of all forty-five works and a commentary by Nemser.) The subject of the Civic Center show is, in a sense, the stylistic diversity, the pluralism, of women's art, but this show has a specific topic: images of women by women. Sometimes this takes the form of the self-portrait, as in Nancy Hagin's "Doppelganger," a figure looking out through a screen of house plants; sometimes that of portraiture, as in Sylvia Sleigh's triple head, in a vertical tier, of the writer Phyllis Derfner. The emphasis of the show however is less on specific forms than on typifying imagery.

It is a study of women's iconography from within the traditional roles, as they are questioned, stretched, or fractured. Dotty Attie speculates on sex and identity in a sketchbook with cut-through pages: as you turn the book, a nude, quoted from Ingres, can get landed with Little Orphan Annie's eyeless head. Pat Mainardi appears as a descendant of Delacroix's "Liberty," gesturing at a poster that links Rockefeller to Attica. Mythology is another resource: an early painting by Louise Nevelson presents Helen of Troy as "The Lady That Sank the 1,000 Ships," and Marcia Marcus resurrects Minerva in her own person, but does not conceal the mortal traces of time on her own body. Sexuality is stressed in various ways: by a quizzical study of a traditional busty pin-up by Marjorie Strider; by posture in a sort of crotch-shot self-portrait by Joyce Roepel; or by Juanita McNeeley's adaptation of 1930s Picasso to orgiastic physical display. □

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1538

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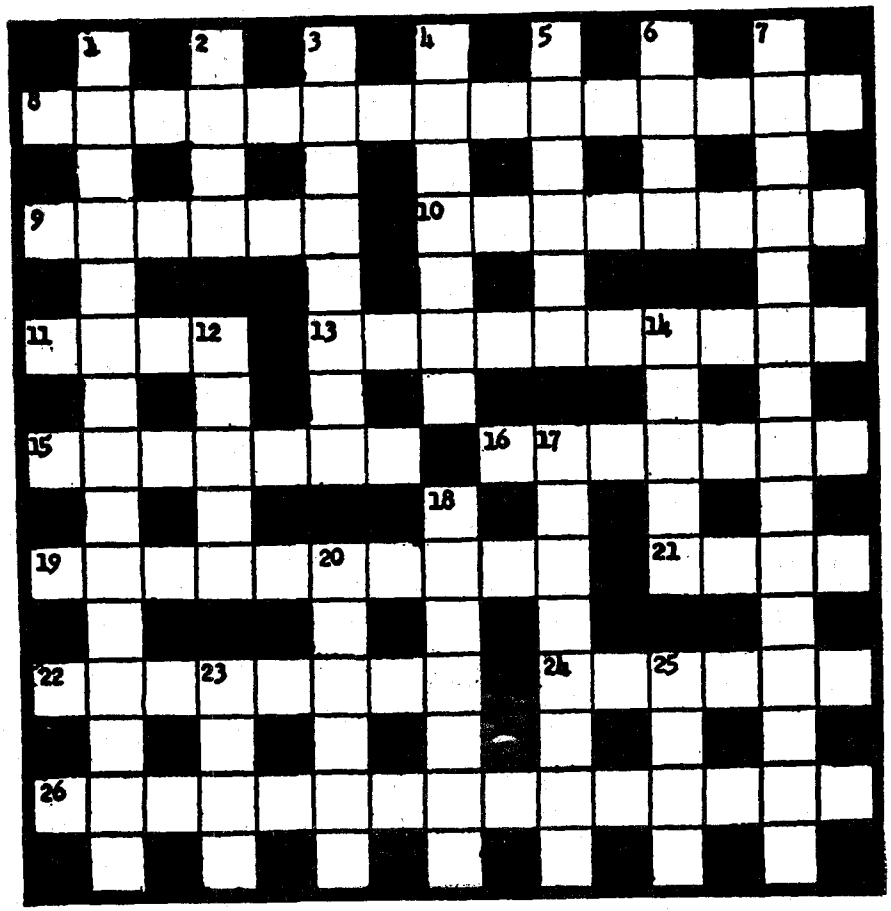

ACROSS

8 How some set up housekeeping nowadays rather informally. (7,8)
9 Horrified at what a little silver has in one form? (6)
10 Reflective prayer of such as Pew? (3,2,3)
11 Get a rebuff when bringing back something to eat? (4)
13 Call the boss—he's likely to be in the middle of some act. (10)
15 Sends back for further trial, but Mrs. Dean seems composed. (7)
16 Close together, like teeth. (7)
19 A sign of dampness? Ten sharp, if it's unsettled. (5,5)
21 Obviously an American has pull! (4)
22 All is not mismanaged, if you get a spirited animal. (8)
24 Stubborn pig this—but obviously taking direction. (6)
26 Warm-up for the race? (11,4)

DOWN

1 How Elizabeth's followers must have considered the pre-Jamestown area. (6,9)
2 In a different case, you might find her with a place to play. (4)
3 Flattered when this goes up, like a certain leftist from Montana. (8)
4 Proving the French could be up in dramatics, partly, to depict "The Triangle." (7)
5 For the time being, it's 17, with an introduction around the beginning of time. (3,3)
6 It might make a duck seem upset. (4)
7 Fourth name, more formally. (12,3)
12 They might be drawn on the target, as told by certain religious types. (5)
14 Go out with a girl? (5)
17 Hot crust, made to 11, perhaps. (3,5)
18 What's the point to a double-gin sling? With your name, you might be doing it! (7)
20 The sayings of a good Public Relations man? In practice, some people put them with prunes. (6)
23 It could be the yell of a painter. (4)
25 The pain suffered by a sometime folk-hero? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1537

ACROSS: 1 Habeas corpus; 10 Indites; 11 Inferno; 12 Event; 13 Eagle-eyed; 14 Tastefully; 16 Eden; 18 Urus; 20 Horselaugh; 23 Reentries; 25 Micah; 26 Nutmegs; 27 Elberta; 28 Number please. DOWN: 2 Address; 3 Entitled; 4 Sostenuto; 5 Owing; 6 Puffer; 7 Sprayed; 8 Direct current; 9 Cold in the head; 15 Lost sheep; 17 Blamable; 19 Uneaten; 21 Uncurls; 22 Stream; 24 Issue.

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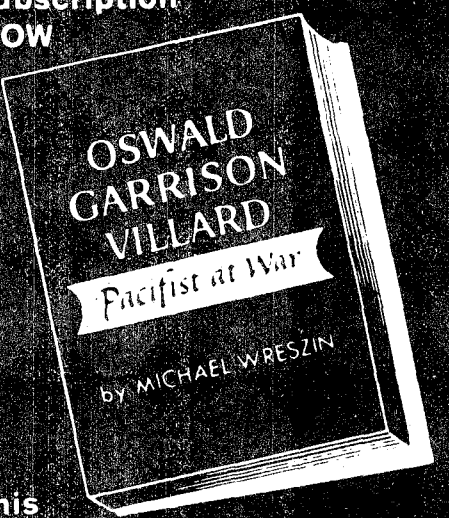

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